

MERRY ENGLAND.

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*Mr. Lilly on the Revolution.**

NEVER were the hopes of good men higher than at the opening of the great dramatic events with which the eighteenth century closed, and which we still speak of as *the* Revolution. The "too credulous day" belied in part its promise; the faith, "pledged to newborn liberty," found an inconstant bride. Yet in later years those on whom the sense of disillusionment was strongest recurred, in spite, it seemed, of themselves to the generous fervour of early anticipation:

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven!

The history of these events has yet to be written; we are not, perhaps, far enough removed from them for the passionless survey which history demands. A century, it is true, has passed; but there are considerations other than time to be reckoned with. The fires which then broke out are smouldering still; the ground is volcanic, and trembles under us as we go.

Yet the centenary of 1889 could scarcely pass without men asking themselves what was the worth of the ideas which then took shape and worked with such fierce energy? and what is their influence on us of to-day? In the work before us an answer is given to these questions; the author has endeavoured "to test the ideas underlying the French Revolution by the

* *A Century of Revolution.* By W. S. Lilly. (Chapman and Hall.)

moral laws of nature and of nations." He will be widely read ; throughout, as might have been expected, he is lucid, suggestive, and sincere. But his answer, it appears to us, is the answer not of a judge, but of an advocate. Mr. Lilly holds a brief against the Revolution, and presses for conviction upon the capital charge.

We can conceive nothing more disastrous to the cause which he has at heart than such a verdict. Not only are the so-called principles of '89 the foundation of public law in France ; they have entered into and modified profoundly the mind of the civilised world. If they are met with unqualified condemnation, with an absolute *non possumus*, the enemies of religion will have an easy and an assured success.

"Hoc Ithacus velit et magno mercentur Atreidæ."

What are "the ideas underlying the French Revolution—the principles of '89?" Mr. Lilly rightly looks for them in the *Déclaration des droits de l'homme et du citoyen*, voted in August, 1789, and embodied in the constitution of September, 1791. This famous document bears on its face the defects of its origin : it is rhetorical, often ambiguous, and, above all, abstract. But to assert that "there is an entire contrariety between the declaration of rights" (which refers the evils of the world to defective political machinery, and seeks their remedy in the manufacture of a Constitution) and the teaching of Christianity that "out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adultery, fornication, thefts, false witness, blasphemies," which are assuredly the chief cause of these evils ; that the only spring of all real improvement in humanity is in "the recreation of the heart by the subduing of the passions, the purification of the affections, the renewal of the will" (p. 53), is to go beyond the mark. The moral law forbids theft, and we insist upon its authority ; but we supplement its provision by locking up our valuables, and calling the police to our help, should need arise. These things you ought to have done ; and not to have left those others undone.

The old public order, Mr. Lilly tells us, rested on the conception of duty ; the men of '89 sought another foundation on which to build the new. "If it were so, it was a grievous fault"; other foundation can no man lay. But the statement is open to dispute. The conception of right and duty are in themselves correlatives : and the fact of this correlation is recognised by the framers of the *Déclaration*. It is put forth, the preamble states, "*afin que cette Déclaration, constamment présente à tous les membres du corps social, leur rappelle sans cesse leurs droits et leurs devoirs.*"

Nor is this the only instance in which Mr. Lilly does less than justice to his opponent's case. "The essence of the Revolutionary Dogma is," he says, "that only in equality, absolute and universal, can the public order be properly founded" (p. 13). The declaration certainly does not say so. "*Les hommes naissent et demeurent libres et égaux en droits. Les distinctions sociales ne peuvent être fondées que sur l'utilité commune*" (Art. 1^{er}.) There are, then, social distinctions ; and the reason for their existence is assigned. Again, whatever may be the case with Rousseau, the authors of the Declaration cannot be charged with identifying "the doctrine of the sovereignty of peoples" with that of "the sovereignty of the individual" (p. 11). "*Le principe de toute souveraineté réside essentiellement dans la nation*" (Art. 3^{me}.) The statement is, on other grounds, ambiguous ; we miss the counterbalancing proposition that the origin of authority, as such, is divine. But the assertion, as far as it goes, has a strong resemblance to that of Bellarmine : "*nota hanc potestatem immediate esse tanquam in subjecto in totâ multitudine. Nam hæc potestas est de jure divino ; at jus divinum nulli homini particulari dedit hanc potestatem ergo dedit multitudini. Præterea sublato jure positivo non est major ratio cur ex multis æqualibus*" —mark the word—" *unus potius quam alius dominetur ; igitur potestas est totius multitudinis.*" (De Laias iii. 6) Compare with this the saying of St. Augustine (Conf. iii., 8.) "*Generale pactum*

est societatis humanæ obedire regibus suis," a phrase which cannot but suggest to the modern reader the much-discussed *contrat social*. Historically valueless, the theory in question was not without value as a quasi-legal fiction in a society which had for generations imposed on

Souls enslaved and realms undone,
The enormous faith of many made for one.

Such criticism might be continued : we would take, however, wider ground. Let us clear our minds of cant. There are features in the constitution of every modern state which require adjustment and interpretation if we would reconcile them with the requirements of scientific theology ; for the conditions presupposed by scientific theology no longer exist. Such changes, *e.g.*, are the practical abolition of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, religious toleration, the liberty of the Press. Parallel instances may be found in other subject-matter : we speak of sunrise and of sunset, though the sun neither rises nor sets in fact. We must not forget the distinction between the absolute and the relative ; but there is a time to speak and a time to be silent. The distinction in question is often scholastic rather than practical ; it is unnecessary and undesirable to bring it, as if by the ears, into the language of every day.

Between principles on paper, however, and their living application there is all the difference in the world ; and Mr. Lilly proceeds to trace the influence of the ideas underlying the Revolution in the several spheres of liberty, religion, science and art. He is too candid and too judicious to see, as some have seen, only the dust of the conflict ; to be blind to the benefits which the Revolution has conferred on France and on mankind. In men, like de Maistre, on whom the storm burst, the zeal of faction is pardonable : where this excuse is absent it argues a cold heart and a narrow mind.

"What is the gain to freedom ? It may be easily summed up. The outworn machinery of government, "an expensive

anarchy," D'Argenson called it, has disappeared. The oppressive and irrational privileges of the aristocratic caste—privileges which, long divorced from duties, were justly and passionately hated by the great mass of Frenchmen—are gone for ever; the *roturier* is free from "his birth's invidious bar:" "*la carrière est ouverte aux talents.*" The guilds and companies, which, if they in some sort protected the individual artisan, also hampered him by antiquated restrictions, have ceased to exist. The peasant, too, like the skilled labourer, is lord of himself; he may do as he likes, so far as his fellowmen are concerned, and pursue his own good, or what he accounts such, in his own way. Add to this, that religious intolerance and religious persecution—the same can hardly be said of irreligious—have vanished, together with the iniquities and cruelties of the old penal laws and the old criminal procedure, and you have a tolerably complete account of "the conquests of 1789." And what the Revolution did in these respects for France, primarily and most largely, it has done, in greater or less measure, for much of Continental Europe. The march of Napoleon, though devastating as Attila's, from Madrid to Moscow, had in it something electric: it brought down in a common ruin the feudal or despotic politics, founded on a fictitious "right divine of kings to govern wrong," and associated everywhere with a legalised inequality which did not correspond with the nature of things. "It shook, so to speak, the idea of freedom into the air." (p. 39.)

These are no small achievements. Compare the France of 1791 with the France through which Arthur Young travelled; no wonder that the generation which witnessed the transition was set on fire. The land of promise, it seemed was theirs; but there are many lands of promise: theirs has for us the defect of being no longer ideal. And ours has taken of necessity a different colour: "ring out the false" has given way to "ring in the true." Social reform is for the end of this century what civil rights were for the end of the last: and this must be taken

into account in reckoning with the "insensate rhodomontade" which Mr. Lilly denounces; *la politique de l'impossible, la théorie de la folie furieuse, le culte de l'audace aveugle*. The key to the interpretation of history, past or contemporary, is economic: the workman is a less picturesque figure, perhaps, than the soldier; but drab counts for more than scarlet in the world. The social was from the first involved in the political question, though political was the necessary prelude to social change. And the signs of the times in which we live—the corruption, the unrest, the feverish turmoil of hearts, which perplex and sadden us—betoken rather economic disease—over-population, over-production, over-competition, in a word Capitalism—than the survival of the ideas of 1789. Both, indeed, spring from a common source, the increase of the body politic—the outgrowth of the partial and restricted traditions of the past.

The French Democracy of to-day is to Mr. Lilly much what the First Republic was to Pitt or George III., a godless, lawless thing; a *vis consilii expers*; "at variance with the reason of things." That there is and has been much on the surface, at least, of her public life to give colour to such a judgment the best friends of France will be the first to admit and to deplore. But on no subject, we believe, are the impressions or even the conclusions of an Englishman so much to be distrusted. Paris, perhaps the most cosmopolitan city in the world, he takes for France; and this France he looks at from the point of view of the Boulevards or the Theatre. He might as well look at England from that of the Haymarket or the Burlington Arcade. He reads M. Zola's works; it would be interesting to compare their export with their domestic sale: the *Petit Journal*, which circulates by the hundred thousand and is as unexceptionable as, let us say, the *Weekly Register*, he never heard of; or, at all events, does not read. He dwells on what seems to him the repulsive and sordid life of the French peasantry. How does Young describe their condition before the Revolution? How

does Dr. Jessop report of our own? He is eloquent on the subject of French vice. Have we no "social scandals" on this side of the Channel? Are we, like the Pharisee, "not as other men?"

The *fou furieux*, true, does not go down with us: the crazy Anarchist, the screaming Atheist finds scanty audience here. It is well: but we do not know that it amounts to more than this—that ideas, like sherry, must be doctored for the English market; that we assimilate a different kind of lie. "The typical French lie," says one of the few Englishmen who are at home in France and with Frenchmen, "is a simple shameless invention. The typical English lie is not merely half a truth; it is entangled with half-a-dozen truths, or semblances of truths, so that it becomes most difficult to separate them: the process of the separation is too long, intricate, and wearisome for a heedless world to follow." (*French and English*, P. G. Hamerton, p. 187). The anti-Semitic literature associated with the name of M. Drumont is a specimen of the French, "Parnellism and Crime" is a specimen of the English lie.

We would not minimise either the follies or the crimes of the Third Republic; but in tracing them to the evil influence of the ideas of the First, Mr. Lilly mistakes the part for the entire cause. Nor can we admit for a moment that the outlook is as he represents it. Each time has its good and its evil; each generation has to make the best of its time. That to-day is an advance upon yesterday, who will not acknowledge? that it has its own needs, its own problems, its own difficulties, who will deny? The temper of the Anti-Jacobin is out of date. The French, be their faults what they may, are among the first, perhaps the first, of nations; their future cannot be indifferent to mankind. Nor are the lines on which this future will run doubtful: the past does not return. Democracy—and it is not in France only that it rules—may not be an ideal form of government: but, as Aristotle foresaw, it may be the only possible form

under our circumstances and in our time. And if this be so, "the minds of men will be fitted to it; the general opinions and feelings will draw that way. Every fear, every hope, will forward it; and then they who persist in opposing this mighty current in human affairs will appear rather to resist the decrees of Providence itself than the mere designs of men."

The last section of Mr. Lilly's work contains, like a lady's postscript, the pith of the whole. He sees with alarm the growth of "a new school in British politics," which "calls itself Liberal, but is possessed by another spirit than that which has ever animated the great historic party known by the name." He does not, indeed, disclaim Liberalism as such; "few are the partisans of departed tyranny:" the Liberalism which he denounces is that of a "Jacobin host," breathing "the spirit of the Revolutionary dogma," and drawing "its inspiration from Rousseau." In this new Liberalism Mr. Gladstone, the nominal leader, is but "a proselyte of the gate." Its Coryphæus is Mr. John Morley, "the professed apologist of the Revolution," the apostle of "the whole Revolutionary Credo" down to the last Amen.

Mr. Lilly presents us (pp. 61—100) with a catena of extracts from certain works first published by Mr. Morley *calidâ juventû* some twenty-five years since. We are not here to discuss these writings. The extracts given,—objectionable, most of them, in themselves—are made to appear doubly so, severed from their context and piled, like Pelion upon Ossa, by Mr. Lilly's willing hands: the author stands unmasked, a domestic Robespierre, a fe-fi-fo-fum ogre of the most blood-curdling type. The worst of men, however, are inconsistent in villany. Few would recognise in Mr. Lilly's picture the statesman who more than any public man of our day has imbibed the spirit of Burke; who has staked his political career on the attempt to call a Catholic nation into existence; who, it was but the other day, incurred the disapproval of an influential section of his party by the frank admission of the claims of our Catholic schools. Nay, in a

recently reported speech this professor of militant atheism classes religion with patriotism as a virtue: "the Irish have one passion above all others for which I honour them; they have an undying fidelity to their country and to their faith."

We may be mistaken; but we suspect that, had Mr. Morley taken another side, or a less prominent part, in the political controversy of the hour, the tale of his theological delinquencies would have remained, so far as his critic is concerned, untold.

To conclude. We differ from Mr. Lilly in his estimate both of the past and of the present: in the Democracy, which he views with ill-will and misgiving, we discern the genius of a fuller knowledge, a wider sympathy, a larger hope. Popular forms, we know, are no infallible guarantee for the security of rights or the performance of duties; the tyranny of the many is as odious as the tyranny of the few. But to believe is to believe in the future; and to believe in the future is not to despair of to-day. The evolution of character, that is to say of moral power, is the purpose,—so far as it is given us to read it—of the world: and "moral power it is which, by the unshaken ordinance of God, works in ways perhaps unknown to us, but known to and fixed by Him, and at such times and in such manner as He shall choose; moral power it is which eventually triumphs over every adversary, and shapes the fortunes of nations, and determines the destinies of mankind."

We live in and must act for our own time; yet the present is inseparable from the before and the after: to-day, if its problems are to be grasped and its work grappled with, must be considered as the yesterday of the future and the to-morrow of the past. Wise are they who in the strife of tongues and the clash of contending factions are mindful of these things; of whom posterity shall record that from the higher vantage-ground of the now they looked to the land far off to which the years were hastening:

"Stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum,
Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore."

A. B. C.

The Distinctions of the Arts.

THE aims and the characters of the arts have never been in so much danger of confusion as in our time and country. Our painting is curiously literary, our popular literature is corruptly artistic. As to music, we cannot be said to have any modern music of our own, but the great music which we nationally adopt by admiration, and which we have in a measure made ours by that adoption, is also artistic—in the painter's sense. The truth is, that far from being identical in their aims, the arts are not only different, they are complementary. The amount of general misunderstanding on the subject is easily gauged. What is the picture which most generally takes even the cultivated taste of England? That which "tells a story"; here we have the literary confusion confessed in the words of literature. What is the style of writing which gains praise? That which is replete with pictorial adjectives, with the images of colour and form. Popular admiration is fain to find a name for this prized but alien work of the pen, and calls it word-painting. Here we have the artistic confusion confessed in the language of art. When is it that Handel is most delightful to an English audience? Not when he expresses himself in the one way which neither words nor colour can emulate—that is, by the most intimate revelations of the most transcendental muse—but when his choruses imitate a storm, or a plague of flies, or the wilful ways of a flock of sheep. Yet we intend here to assert this truth about the freest of the arts: It is not by imitating the dramatic forms and the outward actions of the

passions that music best expresses passion. In attempting such imitation she neglects her high prerogative. That way may be for other arts ; she has a more direct way. Nor is it by twinkling notes imitating stars, or by rushing sounds imitating storms, that she best expresses stars and storms. Here also she has a more direct way. She is so close to the heart of man and to the heart of Nature that she need not stop to note such outward things. Music is most truly music when she speaks through no image of the eyes, no word of the tongue—nay, through no otherwise formable thought of the mind. Why should she so despise her freedom and her prerogative ?

The general confusion as to the aims of the arts would be readily explicable if it existed only in the un-English art of painting. That a distinctively literary people should produce rather literary than pictorial artists is not surprising. The national genius is intellectual rather than intelligent, and not apt, therefore, either to paint or to act finely. Fine pictorial art reproduces an impression with a single intention, with an intense and intelligent eye, with dramatic sympathy, but with childlike simpleness. Such is in the genius of the Latin races. But we, on the other hand,

We look before and after.

Analysis and complex intellectual action destroy the impressionary arts.

The vulgarest and most obvious phase of the literary confusion in painting which we are considering is exemplified in every English picture-gallery. First with respect to landscape ; English popular opinion requires that a landscape should have some human interest, either contained in the name of the place painted—for someone in the public will know the place and enjoy the recognition—or else in a facile allegory whereby nature is corruptly mixed and adulterated with insincere sentiment, but whereby, also, the spectator is flattered with his own ingenuity. Let the allegory be ever so trite, ever so obvious, he will be flattered at understanding it. Therefore

the English artist will hardly paint evening without an inevitable old woman, or a tide ebbing on the sea-shore without an inevitable old man. The human interest of a painted landscape lies not in such things, but in the painter's unconscious self-revelation, in the confidences made to us by his sensitive mind, his sensitive eye reflecting Nature, in the mood of his hand as he works, in the impulses or delays of execution, in the beautiful, elegant, and sympathetic imperfections of touches and lines through which we come so near him that we feel the rise and fall of his breath, the motion of his heart. Our poor little ingenuities of discovery will not be flattered in studying the true work which shows in these ; but we shall enjoy instead another recognition—a hint of those replies which meet us in nature and in art, a likeness of ourself, an image of ourself, an echo of our humanity.

The vulgar adventitious interest attaching to portraiture is still more paramount in the popular mind than that introduced into landscape. The names of the originals of exhibited portraits are not printed in French catalogues—in England the names are all-important. The Royal Academy crowd occupies itself with discussing the fidelity of the likenesses, or, to go a little lower, the chances of accidental resemblances. With regard to figure subjects, the confusion is still more hopeless—artistic composition being almost entirely and invariably mistaken for the illustration of literature. Now, literary illustration is the lowest of the arts ; it is all but valueless, and can only interest a frivolous and untaught taste. Incidents, as the subjects of pictures, are indeed best avoided altogether ; but if incidents be chosen they should be such as have sufficient breadth and sufficient typicalness of meaning, and a sufficiently general humanity of emotion, to stand alone and to interest without a catalogue explanation. And when we condemn illustration we do not, of course, mean merely the translation into line and colour of something which has been described in print ;

our criticism applies also to the story which begins and ends with the picture, having no author except the painter who illustrates it: his work is, none the less for that, inspired by literary and not by artistic art. This passion for story-telling has been carried to curious lengths. The novel-reading public ceased to be satisfied with one passage of a painted story; it must have the whole; hence the explanations, sequels, and happy endings—puerilities which have enfeebled and covered with ridicule much that might otherwise have had dramatic force and value.

A good example may be found in a picture painted many years ago—at about the time when English art was most isolated from every kind of foreign influence. In the last century the great Italians of another age were potent in England, and now the contemporary schools of other countries—especially France—have a strong effect upon the work of England; but thirty years ago our islanders were insular indeed. The picture in question was distinctively English—unreserved, obvious, positive, unmistakable, clever in handicraft, not at all artistic, and tense enough, if not intense, in expression; it spared you nothing and suggested nothing. The subject was not a mere incident in the sense in which we have used the word, for it dealt with human emotions of a universal kind—a husband and father, on trial, presumably for his life, while his female relatives wait for the verdict in terrified suspense outside the court. But the novel-reading public wanted to know the upshot; the impression of a great emotion was by no means sufficient for them—their interest in it was not artistic, but entirely literary; and they demanded, and obtained, a thing abhorrent in art and contemptible—a sequel. And the sequel was a happy one: “Not guilty!” showing the husband and father embracing his family in a transport of vindicated virtue. All that was valuable in the first work was destroyed, as the man had been manifestly guilty, and the whole strength of the situation depended on his

guilt—but let that pass; what we wish to condemn is the demand for any kind of sequel. An equally astonishing error was committed by another artist, belonging to about the same period of English history. He painted a scene out of the Sepoy mutiny—a little child, overlooked in the slaughter, waiting alone for possible death, possible rescue. Here also came the sequel, the happy ending, the insistent, impotent, unsparing, wearisome, ridiculous continuation. Bottom the weaver is explained to the ladies; the child will not die; red coats, brought in violently round the corner, are about to appear on the scene. Here, of course, the impressionary effect of emotion is altogether marred by complex action. The two examples are typical.

The preachers of the doctrine of decorative art are probably labouring, more or less consciously, under a reaction against the literary confusion. Decorative art, however, must know her place; she is the handmaid of architecture; and to assign to all pictorial art such a position is manifestly an indignity. The legitimate impressionary art for which we are contending has the right of dealing with the emotions and even with the outward and dramatic expressions of *thought*; decorative art, properly so called, has nothing to do with thought, and very little—perhaps nothing—to do with emotion. Yet what is more lawfully pictorial than expression? Why, it is in a manner the monopoly of art. Literature can hardly touch it, and how great a thing is it! In it is contained the drama of this world. Not less by expression than by beauty is a man made a subject for impressionary art—not less by action than by attitude. Now, decorative art treats of beauty and of attitude, and eschews expression and action. The one noteworthy English contemporary painter who consistently and entirely sticks to decoration and touches nothing else is Mr. Albert Moore. His decorative art is perfectly legitimate pictorial art, but we cannot allow that it is the whole of pictorial art. We protest even more strenuously against such

a view than we do against the literary confusion of which it is the contrary.

It is a question, and a question not easy of decision, whether allegory, as a subject for the picture, is or is not adulterated with literature. We are inclined to think that it is so when it partakes more of the character of the metaphor, and that it is not so when it partakes more of the character of the vision. An English artist of the pre-Raphaelite school has painted a picture upon these words: "I have trodden the wine-press alone." He has a figure of Christ, in priestly robes, treading a very realistic wine-press, studied correctly in modern Syria; the Saviour supports Himself by a beam overhead, and treads the grapes with naked feet. The words thus illustrated are surely a metaphor. No positive mental vision is, or is meant to be, called up by them. The thing typified fills the mind when we hear them, and the type takes no form there. The imagery of the words belongs altogether to the regions of pure thought, and in no wise to the regions of even the vaguest mental picture-making. In the phrase "that fox, Herod," no mental vision of the animal, the fox, is called up for even an instant; no more does a vision of the wine-press present itself. We are therefore constrained to condemn the picture in question as corruptly literary. We have among us a painter of allegories who is a great genius. Does he, and does he invariably, work within the scope of impressionary art? At times, surely, but not invariably. Mr. Watts shows us Death enthroned; Death is embodied in a form that combines the angelic and the feminine, a combination, by the way, unknown until the decadence of modern art; she sits as the refuge of all, and the benign, but austere, peace-giver. An old man embraces her knees, a newborn child is laid on them, a soldier deposes his sword at her feet. This might be a vision of Death—a picture produced before the mental eyes; it is no mere ellipse, or hyperbole, or parable in words. It is, in our opinion, purely pictorial, save only in this

particular—that the assemblage, in one composition of real persons and an allegorical figure, seems to require some extra-impressionary explanation. Another of the same artist's works seems to us as illegitimate as the above is legitimate art; this is a fantastic little picture, "When Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out at the window;" here is a mere verbal hyperbole never intended to be realised by way of vision, and the attempt to realise it is certainly a failure; the discrepancy between the young woman of real flesh and blood, and the allegorical Poverty and Love who are entering and quitting her dwelling recalls Thackeray's "Britannia and Music (Music is the naked female figure with the barrel-organ) introducing the tenth Lord Carabas to the temple of Fame."

But if the literary confusion in art is easily intelligible in a literary people, the artistic confusion in literature is harder to explain. That it is making ravages—no less violent word will express our meaning—in English style is, nevertheless, undeniable. The greatest of all arts—nay the art which is more than an art, which is, in a word, the "complementary life" of the world—has no need of such tricks as she stoops to now. That these tricks are so rife in English is the anomaly which puzzles us, and which is probably to be explained, paradoxical as it seems to say so, by the utter insincerity of them. It is no true and instinctive love of the picture, such as might be found in a people distinctively pictorial in their genius, that produces the passion for picturesque writing; the thing is one of the slight hypocrisies of fashion. It supplies a writer's style with facile ornaments. Now this artistic confusion in literature exists only in what is correctly artistic. Mental pictures are inseparable from some forms of legitimate literature. In reading narrative the mind forms images of every scene described to it. The habit is strong in childhood; a child's mental pictures are vivid, continuous, and of surprising elaboration. It is very probable that persons who read little, or who have a simple,

ingenuous, and *outward* attitude of mind, approaching that of a child, preserve the strong instinctive custom in almost its early force ; but it is quite certain that those who read habitually lose it more and more every year of their lives, that slothful readers lose it, and that their opposites, thinkers of pure or removed thought, lose it—nay, are in some sense bound to let it lapse. The loss is a great one. Who can express the meaning and the magic of the landscapes, for instance, of a child's first literature? The country which lay in the sky at the top of the beanstalk—there is no such plain on the world. The Roman Campagna reminds us of it in after years—but only with hints and memories of the thrill with which we first stepped (with Jack) upon that breezy land ; there was broom in flower, and the giant's house—a square and commonplace little structure, yet magically suggestive—in the distance. The poet has kept these feelings in his heart, and one of the greatest services he can render us is to help us also to remember them ; and in dreams the lost subtle simple appreciation returns to us when we dream of nature.

The formation of pictures by the reader is so far, therefore, from being corrupt that it is inherent in our incorrupt state of mind ; but it is certainly a sign that we have lost the power of such formation that the author feels obliged to do so much as he now generally tries to do. And this trying is full of effort ; when a writer has his subject in the centre of his heart, when he has realised it, when, in a word, he has those two essentials of art, strength and sincerity, he can do wonders with a hint ; for his simplest and least regarded words will be alive with truth, and will, therefore, cause the pictures they do not deliberately depict.

The highest forms of this artistic confusion in literature are to be found in comparatively high places. Not with the insincerities of fashion, not with a love for facile ornaments, will we charge our nobler offenders ; but rather with a disorderly love of beauty, an unwise love—unwise because it rudely overlooks

the reserves, the reticences, which imply beauty better than anything else can describe it. Many such fly to an affluence of adjectives in an effort to compass beauty which they honestly prize. The vulgar offenders, on the other hand, use a routine profusion to cover their lack of sincere, realised, and energetic love. The former are in error merely, and in an error easily excusable in the later days of a language, when the fine aroma of phrases has evaporated somewhat in this constant wind of words, so that recourse is had, not unintelligibly, to the stronger flavours, at the cost of, sooner or later, destroying these also. Yet a way so fatal to the dignity, gravity, severity, and subtlety of a language need never be taken if only readers and writers — or at least such readers and writers as have any vital interest in vital English — could or would make and keep this rule: to read nothing which is literarily vile or unworthy; never to endanger their own freshness by any author's stale and rank style; to renew their youth every morning among the young writers of a young world, whose vivid suggestions they will vividly assimilate; to keep simple feelings, and, to that end, not to read overmuch; to shun as little instruments of murder the pens which are so feebly yet so numerously pricking a language to death. This would be an asceticism of the mind, because much that is not altogether unworthy pleasure and leisure would be lost by it; but such abstinence would be overpaid, not merely by its happy consequences to feeling and taste, but also by that disproportionate reward given to all self-denial—the keeping open of one secure place of sweetness and serenity to the heart, a retreat of surrendered and abnegated wishes. In this rule we should counsel the avoidance of a very large part of contemporary poetry, of every novel under the second class, of the mass of those light and facile essays so much in vogue, of almost all criticism, because criticism is so distinctively the habit of the time that it is charged with all the time's characteristic corruptions: but not of all serious con-

temporary fugitive literature, such as political journalism ; for, though this diminishes by routine use the value of words, and especially the value of metaphors, giving them, indeed, a fossil dessication attainable by no other means, it does not offend in the manner we are especially denouncing, *i.e.*, by the artistic confusion.

In the first place, with respect to the offences of contemporary criticism or artistic writing : it is so enormous in quantity that an incalculable quantity of force runs to waste in its production ; or if not altogether to waste, who shall say that commentary, however complete, is the best economic central occupation of a literary people ? It is not to be supposed that almost a whole nation is failing in originaive power, but the power is used up in the complications of receptive thought. There is far too much criticism written since the days of Leigh Hunt onwards ; the fine things of the world do not need all this expounding. Yet it is not only the quantity, but the quality of this kind of writing which gives us cause of complaint. It is superabundantly, violently, wearily, immodestly picturesque. The school has the knack of beautiful words, but it uses them to destroy them. Never in the history of the language has that process of destruction gone on with wilder speed ; and it is our best which is being abused into flaccidity and vapidty—the passionate phrases, the felicitous words, the warmth, and the emotion. We do not forgive such writers for voiding these of life. Nor is there a long step to be taken downwards from the style of those cultured professors of art who scream the praises of Leonardo da Vinci in unchastened English to the vile manner of the picturesque novelist who has collected a portable vocabulary of glowing Saxon words and uses them in cheap quantities. Where is nobility of thought, where is chastity of emotion, where is recollection of the faculties to be found in such a literature ?

But, setting aside these modern tricks, how futile is the

greater part of the pictorial art of even legitimate literature ! Who does not—if he would own it—skip the descriptive passages of the English classics ? What does Balzac gain by his wordy photographs ? Literature is the complementary life, and there is no power of the body or soul of man to which she does not reach, and to which she cannot give the happiness of that ideal completion ; and she holds sway over a part of the empire of the other arts, producing images like the painters and sounds like the musicians, but the throne from which she rules is in an inner place. Her enormous sanctuary is in the thought. And what a world is this of hers ! There are no complexities closed to *her*, no intricacies of the thousand-folded human nature which *she* need shun ; the difficulties of our difficult hearts, the darknesses, the guesses, she cannot penetrate too far into these or labour too strenuously amongst them, or divide or sub-divide too exquisitely. If other arts need to school themselves into simplicity—difficult discipline—and to become childlike, for her is the full stature of loftiest adult mind ; singleness, and intelligence, and the clear genius of the Latins for them ; for her the intellect, and the intellect in all phases. All largeness is for her to compass, and the infinitely little becomes for her the subject of infinite art.

In the intervals of pure thought, literature gives employment to the writer in a thousand artifices ; artifices of her own, a whole legitimate science of them, each one lawfully literary, and widely unlike the tricks of “ picturesque ” English. “ Numerous prose,” the noble diction in which the uncounted numbers rise, and roll, and subside, unequal, unbound ; and the study of balanced phrases in which there is no rule such as that which fetters verse, but only the instinct of the measuring mind poising weighty words ; is there not enough of artifice here to employ the pauses of the reason ? Yet, of those among us who still read Jeremy Taylor, Johnson, Burke, not many retain so much as the power of appreciating their manner, because the unlawful beauties of style have taken our fancy from the lawful beauties.

Not the smallest or the least evil of the collateral consequences resulting from the artistic confusion in literature is the general disuse of Latin derivatives for the sake of an almost exclusive employment of the monosyllabic Saxon. Two allied errors cause this characteristic of contemporary prose—one being the passion for picturesque as opposed to legitimately literary effects, and the other this already mentioned neglect of the balances and cadences of construction. Numerous prose, proportioned phrases, the sweet and sonorous diction which, by hyperbole (not by confusion), we call musical, the scholarly taste of long and elegant words with the elastic spring of varied vowels—the longer and the shorter—within them, the fine quasi-artificiality which is the civilisation of language, these cannot be obtained from unaided Saxon. As for the other way in which the artistic confusion discourages the use of Latin derivatives; it is certain that the Teutonic words are fuller of images—in other words are more picturesque—than the words of Latin origin *as we now possess them*; the former are therefore more cheaply and effectively at the service of the “graphic” writer of our time. There is a freshness in them too, which he may flatter himself is freshness of his own, and which will at least take him some time to stale; and a sincerity which is a facile substitute for any sincerity of his. He goes further, indeed, than the exhaustible stores of Saxon-English, he reaches after the compound descriptive words of homely German, he ransacks the vocabularies of old writers in his own tongue; he runs to earth, unearths, and kills their words. Everyone who is familiar with the modern picturesque writer will call to mind half a score of such words.

We have said that words of Latin origin are less picturesque, as we now possess them, than those of Saxon derivation. And this confers a high and purely literary dignity upon the Latin half of our language—that its formation belongs to an ancient time and to an alien race, from which it results that any early picture-making, quasi-hieroglyphic character which

it had as a young vocabulary is lost to us to whom it is no longer young. This, as we have said, makes for dignity ; it also makes for pure reasoning and for removed thought. In the Saxon half of our tongue we are so near the formation of the words that we see the process of construction at work. Now, all language in its youth (and every language is young which has not a great literary past) is too literal, too pictorial, for the expression of anything like removed thought ; in its early stages it deals with very positive and material things, and with thoughts only by a kind of allegory. The people of Southern India, to take the first instance that occurs to us, never express *thoughts* in their familiar languages ; they are obliged for such expression to have recourse to Sanscrit. In a lesser degree many peoples have, and have had, recourse to a dead language for the formulation of their philosophy and religion. Happier are they who have a language, otherwise dead, surviving with all its privileges, and dignities, and capacities in the forms of vital speech and literature. See how great an injury the fanatical or fashionable pursuers of the pure Saxon would do to the letters of England !

"Picturesque" English, again, by neglecting the music of elastic polysyllabic words and thus discouraging the culture of an ear for rhythmic prose, has done English *poetry* this injury—that the general appreciation of musical verse has become too coarse for the enjoyment of any but the more obvious forms of rhythms, such as the obtrusive and inveterate accents of a line of anapæsts ; the obviousness and emphasis which are positively displeasing to a delicately cultivated ear just insist sufficiently to mark the measure for an ear which is uncultivated, an ear to which the suppressions, hesitations, and balances of a line of finely significant iambics would be without beauty. It is as though the airs of Bellini, or tunes even more emphatic, should be preferred to the tuneful phrases of Schumann or to the sentences of notes that wander in a vague yet exquisite completeness through the

"Lohengrin." A very sensitive ear will find but moderate pleasure in the insistent pulses of even so fine a specimen of English anapæstic verse as Shelley's "Arethusa"; nay, even the quieter trochaic movement of Edgar Allan Poe's "Raven" will be somewhat too marked: and this refinement and fastidiousness, with all that they imply of multiplied delight in what they find to be delightful, is chiefly to be gained by the study of "numerous prose." The Latinised English of the eighteenth century was a more respectable exaggeration than is the Saxonised English of the nineteenth, insomuch as too great reserve is better than license, and of the two insincerities which they generally represent, the polished insincerity is more tolerable than the blunt; the first, at least, does not insist upon credulity, and does not adulterate simplicity.

It is no error of confusion, as we have already said, to use musical terms in treating of literature; there is no help for it; and no one is in danger of confounding music with the "music" of verse; but it would be better if some other word were at hand for the literary purpose. The danger for music, indeed, is not of confusion with letters, but of confusion with painting; and it will be found that the intelligent and the intellectual arts (to emphasise the distinction we have already made) are confused with each other, but not among themselves—which is the reason why they are so much injured by such adulterations. That is to say, painting and literature are apt to be mixed together, and so are the drama and music; but literature and music are not liable to be confused with one another, nor painting and acting—literature and music being the two intellectual, and painting and the drama the two intelligent arts. Now music has been fatally tampered with by the "romantic" revolution against classicism, a movement which at least synchronised, and, in our opinion, was nearly connected, with the "picturesque" renaissance in letters. "Romantic" music, from the current vulgarly graphic pieces of note-painting to the most powerful scenic and

dramatic passages of Meyerbeer, is undoubtedly corrupted by the introduction of alien artifices—the artifices of other arts—to the neglect of those which belong lawfully to herself, and we advert to this corruption again in order to point out that it dates entirely from the beginning of our times of art sophistication.

A word now as to the actor's art—the drama. It is more single, simple, outward, and intelligent—more distinctly Latin in its genius—than even the painter's art. Less than all other artists should the actor be literary in the temper of his mind; less than all others should he look before and after. The moment, the picture of the moment, the impression of the moment—these are his business, in which he must be impulsive, single-hearted, whole-hearted. His passion and his feeling must be elementary. Any mixture of times in his acting, or any *division of the thought* which an actor may attempt, gives to his work a false literary finish, ingenious, perhaps, but incapable of satisfactory, complete, or even intelligible presentation to an audience. Calculations, references, and allusive touches distract, negative, and neutralise impressions, and complexities of thought destroy the elementary passion. The actor has only to do with thought as it expresses itself in appearing to the eye, and with emotion in its simple, dramatic forms. Self-consciousness is the life of letters, but the death of the impressionary arts; and by self-consciousness we do not mean the vulgarity of outward affectation and the vanity of underbred shyness, but a keen and complicated consciousness of the mind and heart, which belongs altogether to the intellectual arts, and not to the intelligent.

And in effect, singleness and simplicity are marks (as we should have prejudged them to be) of the great actor's character. Those virtues shine from Garrick's direct and vivid eyes, while his very faults are childlike. We would rather believe than disbelieve the tradition that he was unable to conceal his stinginess—his solicitude as to the number of spoonfuls where-with his tea was brewed—insomuch as it is accordant with the

childlike character of the impressionary artist. Unless we greatly mistake, the English artists of a later day are principally literary in their powers.

One of the results of limiting the arts each to its own particular aims and methods—and so separating them more satisfactorily—would be that the student might be enabled to range them in a scale of greatness and nobility ; and such comparisons are not unprofitable. Order, degrees, and dignities—the higher and the lower, the highest and the lowest—are in the scheme of all created things. Nothing is equal. And it is no waste of thought which assigns to some of the arts a lesser, and to some a higher, honour. The Saints were wont thus to discuss the precedence of the virtues ; and though we will not presume to decide here the precedence of the arts, we point the way to a decision by insisting on the valuable differences which divide the arts of impression and of form from those high and complex arts of thought and sensibility which compose the “complementary life.”

FRANCIS PHILLIMORE.

A Bathe in the Wye.

THERE is always a fascination about beauty, which it is difficult to resist. Philosophers love to point out the many snares and pitfalls that lie hid beneath a fair exterior and moralists gravely warn us against being betrayed by what is so insidious. "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain," says the wise man. Then all I can say is, there must be much vanity along the banks of that loveliest of native rivers, the Wye, sometimes called, with the futility common to such comparisons, the Rhine of England. That portion, however, which runs through Herefordshire and Monmouthshire is more especially beautiful, and no one who knows it as well as I do will deny the claim. Though I suppose we must believe that, like all other rivers, it really follows the path of least resistance, it certainly seems rather to follow the path of greatest beauty. It bends and twists a thousand times, but always, apparently, with the especial purpose of reaching the prettiest and most picturesque spots ; in fact, in some places it doubles back upon itself, so as to form a perfect horseshoe, and almost to meet its earlier flow, and then lingers as though reluctant to relinquish so fair a vision.

But the Wye is a treacherous river. If its beauties cannot be denied, neither can its dangers. It has dangers for the fisherman borne along the swift-flowing current in his fragile little canvas coracle ; it has dangers, too, for the pleasure-seekers who in summer time crowd the boats sunk almost to the water's edge ; but its more pressing dangers are reserved for the venturesome bather, who plunges into the sweeping

current, and cleaves its mirrory surface with his hands. In fact, it has nearly all the dangers that a river can have. It is swift, it is variable, it has under-currents, hidden springs, sudden hollows, deep holes, and many rapids. Every year lives are lost in this river, and it would be difficult to compute the number of victims the Wye has claimed since first it began to flow to join the statelier Severn. Indeed, I would warn the inexperienced bather against the insidious attractions of this beautiful stream; and though, as a general rule, I would not say, "Do not go into the water till you know how to swim," I would unhesitatingly advise no one to risk his life in the Wye till he is a proficient.

It was the neglect of such advice that very nearly resulted in two untimely deaths, and in making two families disconsolate, to say nothing of the grief of a greater or less number of uncles, aunts, and cousins of various degrees. I had just returned from college, and was passing my holidays, like most other youths of fifteen, in riding, shooting, ferreting, fishing, and boating. The day of the incident I commemorate was a Thursday in August, and so insufferably close and oppressive that I could not shoot nor ride nor do anything else with pleasure. So I simply yawned and idled. Now my father, who hated to see any of his sons lolling about, perceiving that I was doing nothing, questioned me; and, hearing my excuses, said, in a peremptory tone, "Well, then take a book, and improve your mind." I did not venture to make any reply, but I thought, in true schoolboy fashion, "No, no, I scarcely think so. What, improve my mind during vacation!" Feeling, however, forced to do something, I resolved to saunter down to the river, and have a swim.

I had never swum much in the Wye, but I had had a good deal of practice at college, and had grown sufficiently expert to feel quite safe in any watercourse under ordinary circumstances. Accordingly I strolled along, through the green shady lanes

towards a well-known spot on the banks, overhung by huge elm trees, and shaded to the very water's edge by weeping willows. It was, indeed, a most delightful and romantic spot. There was only one drawback to it, and that was that just on the opposite bank was a similar spot, from which strangers used to bathe. And I hated then, even more than now, being gazed upon when clothed by little else than Nature's closely-woven robe, and would seldom undress in this place unless I found the coast clear. I got down to the nook, and glanced across somewhat anxiously to the opposite side. "Hurrah! no one to be seen. All right, then in I'll go." Off went coat, vest, boots, etc., in quick succession, and in three minutes I was ready to throw myself headlong into the cooling waters. Just as I was about to plunge, however, my eye caught sight of a lad coming down the opposite bank with a pair of drawers and a couple of towels in his hand, evidently also bent on having a dip. It was too late to retire now; so, making the best of the situation, I embraced the balmy waters, and strove to forget the very existence of my unwelcome observer, who, a few moments later, gave me an embrace the memory of which is likely to remain with me to my dying day.

I had not taken many strokes when I observed that the youth—probably a farmer's son from the neighbouring village of Lydbrook—whom I will call Philip, was beginning to undress. A moment later a loud "Hullo! Hullo!" came sweeping over the water; but I feigned to be absolutely unconscious of his presence. Then he called yet more loudly, "Look here! look here! Is it deep yonder? I say, is it deep where you are?" To all his interrogatories I vouchsafed nothing but a mental reply: "You had better come and try." Finding he was producing no impression upon me, he screamed out again, this time putting considerably more edge in his tone, "Why don't you answer, you deaf idiot? I am coming after you." Again I contented myself with a mere mental reply: "All right, then

look sharp, for I am getting out." I then swam ashore to where my clothes lay, and from that eminence looked down with some curiosity upon the intruder, in the meantime repeating, with a certain rhythmical swing, Horace's ode, which I had been obliged to learn as a penance, just before the vacation :

Cautus enim metuit foveam lupo, accipiterque
Suspectos laqueos, et opertum milvius hamum.

I watched my friend scramble down the bank and tumble into the water. I eyed him attentively and critically while he made his first attempt to breast the tide. He splashed, and plunged, and kicked in the most unseemly manner possible, and seemed very little accustomed to move in such a yielding element. In spite of his eccentric manœuvres, however, he succeeded in getting about a third of the way across ; then he puffed, and spluttered, and appeared to lose his head, and to be in great trouble. I was delighted to witness his discomfiture. It was nuts to me to see this rude, burly, insolent braggart, as I considered him, thus humbling himself, however involuntarily, before my very eyes. Then as he shipped a sea—or, in other words, swallowed a good mouthful of water, and then another, and yet another—I only laughed. But a moment later my merriment was subdued! His appearance alarmed me. In fact, I soon had reason to fear that something worse than a humiliation was possible, and even likely. The thought that a human life was perhaps in jeopardy flashed across my mind and made the perspiration start from every pore. I well knew that if his life were in danger, mine would be also, for of course, I must try to save him. I perceived at a glance all the perils of the situation ; and in those days I think I would almost have risked my life to save a dumb beast. It was not so much courage, as an effect of the very atmosphere in which I had been brought up, and the persistent training to which I had been subjected, that made me at once decide that I must save, or at least do my best to save, my drowning contemporary.

I glanced around for a moment, to see if anyone were within call. I saw no one. I then ran, as fast as legs would carry me, up to the top of the bank, which afforded me a much more extended view ; but not a soul was to be seen—only the unconscious deer feeding in the park, and the cattle browsing on the distant slopes of the hill. Back like lightning I ran to the water's edge, and at once saw there was no time to be lost. For ten or twelve seconds I poised myself on the banks of the shining river, beautiful, but deceitful. What thoughts flashed through my mind in those few moments ! Should I ever return alive ? Was I perchance to enter eternity to-day ? What would my father, sisters, brothers, uncles, aunts, cousins, think if my cold corpse were found before the sun had set, lying upon the river's edge ? Then I began to think of my chances, my strength, my hopes of holding out, and the rest. The mind is quick as lightning in moments of sudden emergency ; so that all these thoughts, and many more, took less time to pass before me than it took me to spring from the bank, and to throw myself head foremost into the silvery flood. I soon rose to the surface, cooler both in body and mind, and swam as quickly as I could sideways, down the stream to where the boy was fighting for life.

Though I could not get anything like a clear view of him, I judged that he was a good deal stronger than I, though now, of course, he gave unequivocal signs of exhaustion and was in great distress. By this time I had approached him very closely and extended my left hand towards him beneath the water, that he might lay hold of it, and so allow me to pull him ashore. Softly I glided onward. Now my fingers seemed to almost graze his flesh—when, oh, horror ! he clutched them as in a vice. He drew me towards him ; seized me now with both hands, and clung to me in a frenzy of despair. In vain I strove to shake him off. I seemed to be in the relentless grasp of a human octopus.

In this position, face to face, and his arms about me—one around my neck and the other around my shoulder—we struggled violently, while the unconscious stream bore us onward, further and further down. Since only my lower limbs were free, I could scarcely swim at all. Yet I hoped, even in this position, to keep him up, as well as myself, till we could gain the bank. In this I succeeded for a few moments, but every now and then his mouth would sink beneath the surface, upon which he would immediately seek to raise himself by depressing me. My strength, I knew well, would not endure this for very long, so, before I got altogether done, I resolved to make one last supreme effort to dislodge my octopus. I had somewhere heard or read that there is no more efficacious way of freeing oneself, under such conditions, than to dive. So soon as a drowning man finds the support upon which he relies is sinking, he leaves it instantly to clutch even a weed or floating straw. Words would fail to tell how ardently I hoped and prayed the theory might be true. In any case it was my only chance ; so I determined to try it.

I prepared by drawing in a full breath so as to expand the lungs to their utmost capacity, for I attached more importance to being able to continue a long time under water than to anything else. I took a violent plunge, turned my head down, and throwing my feet well out of the water, sank like a stone to the bottom ; my companion, all the while, clinging to me like a limpet to a rock. The water sounded in my ears, and thundered above my head ; still he relaxed not his hold. I kept as far under as I could. No use ! The limpet retained his hold. My strength was fast waning. I felt a faintness coming on ; still not a hand moved, not an arm was unfastened. The position was becoming more and more desperate ; I shook, kicked, wrestled, and struggled with the fury of despair. It seemed I must have been in the depths of the stream for hours, days, weeks, yea, an eternity, though I suppose it was not more than fifty or

sixty seconds. However, it was becoming painfully clear to me that my last hour was at hand, when I became suddenly aware that the death-like pressure was weakening and relaxing around my chest. Want of air had done its work on poor Philip; he had lost consciousness. I was free. In a moment I had regained the surface, and throwing myself on my back, with a new sense of returning life, I tranquilly floated and floated till I could breathe once more at ease.

I then resolved to make one more trial to succour Philip. I did not at once discover his position, though I knew it could not be far off, since the river had carried us down together at the same time. Soon I saw the white outline of his body, now of a ghastly appearance; I approached it more warily this time, but there was little need now for caution. He was drifting along, like a lifeless thing, wholly senseless and much swollen by reason of the water he had swallowed. I had no difficulty in keeping his head above the surface, and pushing him before me to the bank, which we soon reached in safety. But he looked cold and dead. Was it too late? Had I toiled and ventured in vain? Stretching down, I put my hand to his heart, and the answer was—still living!

JOHN S. VAUGHAN.

To-day.

“**W**IDOWER of yesterday ! why stand aloof ?
Know me thy child, and know me too thy bride ;
Thou must beget thy issue from my side.
The loom thou wroughtest, joy thee in the woof !
The plate thou gravedst, now behold the proof ;
All days but print afresh the yester-trace,
Save each impression grows more poor and base :
Take me, who shalt take worse to thy life's roof.”

Then spat I out the ashes of my youth ;—
“Thou liest a lie embittered with a truth !
But one part in to-morrow's blood thou hast :
From many morrows and one higher me
The days shall be bred out to purity,
And build on the drained marshes of the past.”

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Number Ten.

I KNOW nothing so tiresome as a change of residence. It is not the mere bodily toil involved that I shrink from, though that is always considerable. Nor the expense, which somehow always exceeds the estimate, be this ever so liberal. Nor even the heartless re-shuffling of those trifles of furniture which are dear to one for divers reasons, and which it seems positively sinful to disturb. All these are inevitables, to which one is more or less resigned before deciding to move.

No! What I object to most of all is the doubt as to the nature of the indefinable spiritual atmosphere of the new house. Shall I find myself in the odour of sanctity, tranquil, and with the balm of peace upon me? Or am I to be in a house of mysterious spiritual presences, which none but an expert may call good or evil, so indeterminate is their character? Or, last and worst of all, am I to be in a house from which the reek of sin has not yet entirely exhaled into the air we breathe, and in which, consequently, the tenant, if he be, like myself, susceptible to such manifestations, may expect the severest torture that life can afford him?

My readers who are not of the initiated will think I am talking nonsense. I venture to congratulate them upon their divine and happy innocence. There was a time when I also took thought of drains as the supremest menace of the householder. Nowadays, however, I leave the consideration of such trifles to my wife.

The world at large—I mean the majority of men and women

who reside in it—has no idea how immensely we occults are behind the scenes in the affairs of spiritual life. And yet our knowledge serves only to vex us. We are, as it were, in the green-room, or among the flies of the stage, in the midst of the potential machinery and the inanimate properties of the theatre; but, all the time, we are blindfold. We hear the voices of the actors, stumble against the carpenters, bark our shins over a hollow knight in armour, and now and again drop feet foremost down a trap. We feel that we are surrounded by surpassing and quite exceptional opportunities of experience, but we are unable to profit by them. We are made to groan: that is all.

My wife is not of the initiated. She would sleep the sound sleep of childhood in a room the boards of which had once been soaked with the blood of assassinations. To me this is amazing. I admire her for it almost in the same way that I loved her pretty face when I married her. Sometimes, however, it is the cause of extreme annoyance. I do not, upon the whole, think that the initiated should marry out of their own set. Indeed, I will go further and say I do not think they should marry at all. For that man and wife should both be qualified to sit up in bed with their hair on end, hearkening in a community of terror to the voices of the dead round about them, seems to me even worse than the dissympathy of my own wife with my sensitiveness to my surroundings.

But to my tale.

It was our tenth house in twelve years.

The nine we—or rather I—had tested, and found wanting in domestic peace, were not singular in the nature of their discomfort. They were average houses. In three of them previous tenants had died with troubles upon their minds, of which they persisted in disburthening themselves to me in the watches of the night. One was a miser. But he had not buried his gold for my benefit. He worried me with the usual regretful platitudes: "Would I had made better use of my money when I

was in the flesh!" "Why will you burn two candles where one suffices?" and that sort of thing. Another had died from drink; and he died over and over again, night after night, to my annoyance. The third was a nondescript, whose mutterings were of the most incoherent kind. I fancy he was a lunatic.

It is no use beseeching the spirits to desist. They are unconscious of you. It is only the wretched exceptions among us corporeal ones who are conscious of them.

The other six houses were not remarkable for anything very ghastly. The occupants had been commonplace married couples—some with children and some childless. But in each case the husband and wife had been prone to wrangle and disagree. I could wish my most grievous foe no greater vexation than to have nocturnally about his pillow the din of married tongues, fencing upon subjects of no personal interest to the stranger.

Thus we came to the tenth house; or rather I did, for my wife clung to number nine as long as possible. She said I had better test the new building for myself ere we went through the labour of moving into it. The fact is that she never slept in number ten, and at this moment we inhabit number eleven.

It was rather an imposing house, externally; of stone, with large windows, north, west, and south, and conspicuous for its two Elizabethan gables. The gables were not of the time, but of the style of Queen Elizabeth's reign. I should have known better than choose a house three hundred years old, with its very various aroma of human life.

Generically, I dubbed it an artist's house, when I saw it first. The outgoing tenant was, however, only a mild widow. She, an inoffensive lady companion, and two maids, were its sole occupants. They, at any rate, would not give me trouble. And as their predecessor had been an unmarried doctor of medicine, I hoped the astral influences would be as mild as the widow lady.

"A most clever man, Dr. ——" the landlord remarked to

me when he showed me the house. "You may have heard of him. He is famous in London nowadays, they tell me."

No, I had never heard of the doctor ; but I was glad to hear of his honourable reputation, as so much additional testimony to the harmless nature of the house.

"Who was here before the doctor?" I asked.

"He was my first tenant," was the reply. "The houses were only built in '57."

At that I was as near as possible taking the place on lease ; but I am profoundly thankful I forebore.

I suppose I ought to open my narrative with a curdling reference to the weather on this particular night—"It was a sombre evening of wild portent, the crescent moon seemed to struggle with the black drift clouds ; light combatting with darkness, symbolical of the principles of good and evil, for ever at strife in the world"—something after this fashion. I protest, however, that it would be mere affectation if I did any such thing. Some of my comrades of the *Psychical Society* are clever enough at such exordiums. But I am not ; nor do I even know what kind of a night it was when I stepped inside number ten for my preliminary slumber.

I was alone, of course. There was not even a maidservant in the place, which, moreover, with the exception of the bedroom, was also void of furniture.

The room which had been got ready for me had nothing extraordinary about it. The door opened from a square landing. Opposite was the door of a large room with three windows. This we proposed, if we took the house, to use as a drawing-room. It contained a very large and solid white marble chimney-piece. The landlord, I remember, had pointed with pride to this piece of furniture. In examining it, I had remarked certain stains upon its upper surface.

"Oh!" he had said, "that was Dr.——. Medical men sometimes dabble in chemicals."

"It looks to me like blood," I had rejoined ; but with no real sense of conviction.

"No, it isn't blood," he had said ; and I did not argue the matter.

My wife, dear woman, had bethought herself of my comfort in my temporary exile from her. She had had a little Etna, or spirit lamp, set in the room, with whisky, water, and sugar. It was thus the easiest thing in the world to make myself a glass of toddy. "Don't take more than one glass, Archibald," she had said—"or it will hardly be fair." And so, when I had drunk my tumblerful, I got into bed.

I must observe that there was a church close to the house. The clock of this church struck twelve when my head touched the pillow. Of course, so feeble a coincidence as this had no effect upon me. *We* know only too well that conventional measurements of what is called "time" are nothing to the spirit world. Twelve o'clock at noon or twelve at night—it is all one to the disembodied.

Now it was odd that I should no sooner be in bed than the white marble mantelpiece in the other room presented itself before my mind's eye. It stood before me like a real thing. But there was nothing very engrossing about it when one had sufficiently admired it for its bulk and proportion. I did not therefore cherish the vision, so to speak ; I fancy indeed I fell asleep with the thing fading gradually out of my recollection.

It may perhaps astonish ordinary people to learn that I am so accustomed to wake in the night and find myself in the midst of spiritual presences of one kind or another, that I am more bored than alarmed by such experiences. Habit has quite worn off the novelty of this kind of thing. I was not therefore mortally surprised to come to my senses in this new house with a dim, but quite emphatic, realisation that I was once again among the disembodied. For the moment I heard nothing. Then the clock struck two. Then there was a

knock ; a second knock ; a series of knocks in brisk succession. I began to pull myself together, in expectation.

The knocks were not in my bedroom. But they were distinctly of the house. I wondered what they meant. They were more like the noise of a carpenter driving a nail than anything else. I was not interested enough in them to get out of bed in quest of the solution of the riddle.

I had shut my eyes, preparatory, as I hoped, to sleeping again, when I heard a sharp wail. This was followed by a quick sibilant sound, such as nursemaids sometimes use for the quieting of babies. Then there was another knock ; an intenser cry ; a scuffle ; and the slow patter of feet, as of an animal descending the stairs.

At this stage I lit my candle, got into my dressing-gown and slippers, and opened the bedroom door. I did not in the least know what the sounds signified.

Heavens ! What a Walpurgis night of yelps and groans greeted my ears when I set foot on the landing outside my room ! The door opposite was open, though I had shut it on going to bed ; and by an indescribable disturbance of the air (a kind of atmospheric see-saw) which had taken a bluish tint, I understood that the room was crammed with spirit life. These, however, were manifestations such as I had never yet seen. And what a terrible noise they made ! I held my hands to my ears in self-protection, and stood shivering, not entirely because of the cold.

While I was puzzling my wits, the knocking recurred : one, two, and then a series of knocks. I could have fancied I saw the hammer : the sounds were so real and so near. They seemed to come from the chimney-piece : as if upon a board set on the marble. Then there was a faint plaintive bark as from a dog, followed immediately by a yelp of pain, which was continuous for a minute or two, and audible above the chorus of other less definite noises. These latter I can only suggest to my readers by comparing them to the tumult in a menagerie of

birds and beasts, among which are a large number of hungry or suffering dogs and monkeys.

Nervousness and cold combined at length made me leave this disquieting room. I shut the door after me, hoping to deaden the uproar. But ere I could reach the bedroom, I heard, as it were, the turning of a door-handle, and looking behind I saw the door I had firmly closed open wide. Then there was a heavy patter of feet down the stairs to my right.

Once in bed again, I decided that number ten would not do for us as a permanent residence. I resolved also not to attempt further investigation of its mysteries. I lay trembling as I had not trembled for twenty years. And until the dawn broke, I continued thus to lie, unable to sleep, and lacking the courage to move. For all the while (until after six o'clock had struck) the wails and agonising screams went on with but little intermission. The leaden patter of feet on the uncarpeted stairs and the knockings, gave a dismal variety to the torments of this tentative night.

As soon as it was day I dressed, and left the house : nor have I ever since set foot in it. The last sound I heard in it was like the rolling or stumbling of a body or a log down the stairs—after me. I assure my readers I opened the front door with all possible speed, and sighed with relief when I breathed the outer air.

My wife was not very surprised when I told her that number ten was not well suited for us. But I had more difficulty with the landlord. He was strenuous in endeavouring to make me tell him what I complained of. This, however, was out of the question ; for to talk of spirits to the average man or woman of the world is to declare oneself an idiot. As casually as I could, I asked for more information about the widow, my predecessor. But nothing he told me could in any way explain the noises of the night : she was a most immaculate widow. Then I remembered the doctor. Was it possible that, by a law of the spiritual

world, the houses of medical men were beset by the phantasms of their dead patients? What a ghastly idea! But no; such an explanation availed nothing: for, by the landlord's statements, Dr. —, though he had lived in the house for a time, had never received patients in it.

"He was—what do you call it?—an experimentalist," said the landlord.

"An experimentalist! What is that?" I asked.

"Well, you know, they do say he has made his name in a way that I, for one, don't hold with," he replied. "There's a word for it, but I forget it just at present. He was one of those who get their learning by cutting up live animals."

"Ah! exactly."

This fitted the puzzle.

It were needless for me to advise such of my readers as are like myself to have nothing to do with the house of a vivisectionist. A castle haunted by a banshee, or a murder room of the conventional kind, would be, on the whole, far preferable.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

*The Story of a Conversion.*CHAPTER V. (*Continued from p. 232.*)

THE PENTATEUCHAL CONTROVERSY.

WE have traced the strange story about Ezra re-composing the books of Moses, as a common and uncontradicted tradition, through the writings of Isidore of Seville, Cyril of Alexandria, Basil, Eusebius, Jerome, Macarius Magnes, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, and Irenæus. No one can fail to perceive its analogy to the conclusion arrived at by modern critics on quite independent grounds, and, as far as can be seen, without any knowledge of the old tradition, that the Pentateuch was drawn up by Ezra and others who laboured with or before him in its redaction; an analogy, however, accompanied by the most important difference that such authors as Wellhausen and Knobel suppose the compilation to have been a purely human work, while the Christian Fathers assuredly held it to have been executed by the assistance of the Spirit of God. The tradition, moreover, becomes the more important when we are made aware that it is older than Irenæus; and that, as might have been anticipated, it did not grow up among the Christians, but was transmitted to them by the Jews.

The most ancient now extant document in which it is to be found is the so-called fourth book of Ezra, a Jewish apocalypse which professes to have been written by that pious and learned priest and scribe, and to give an account of visions and revelations vouchsafed for his consolation in the thirtieth year after the destruction of Jerusalem by the King of Babylon. The original book begins with three progressive revelations, of which the respective themes are: the unsearch-

ableness of the Divine counsels, and the coming of an iron age (iii. 1—v. 14); that God's providence is not to be hastened, and what the signs of the last times will be (v. 15—vi. 34); and the coming of the Messiah, the Last Judgment, and why only a few will be saved (vi. 35—ix. 22). Then follow three corresponding and equally progressive visions: of a woman (the synagogue or Jewish church) whose son (Jerusalem) died suddenly (ix. 23—x.); an eagle, representing the Roman Empire (xi.—xii.); and a man, Messiah, borne upon the clouds of Heaven (xiii.). The narrative then (xiv.) culminates in a vision of Jehovah Himself, Who appears in a burning bush as He had done to Moses, and commands Esdras to warn and exhort the Jews of the trials which are to come upon them. This Esdras promises to do; but what, he asks, will happen after his death? "for Thy law is burnt" (xiv. 21), and there is no permanent source of instruction. In reply, he is commanded to go forth into the plain, taking with him five men and an abundance of boxwood tablets for writing. This he accordingly does; and, he proceeds, "My mouth was opened, and the Most High gave understanding to the five men, and in forty days"—the time occupied in the original giving of the law—"they wrote ninety-four books" from his dictation. "And when the forty days were fulfilled, the Most High spake, saying, 'Publish the first books thou wrotest, that worthy and unworthy may read them; but keep the last seventy by thyself, that thou mayest deliver them to the wise among thy people. For in them is the hidden channel of understanding, and the fountain of wisdom, and the river of knowledge.'"

To the curious book of which this is a summary two chapters have been prefixed and the same number added by a Christian. But that the intermediate part, which is evidently from a Jewish hand, is of considerably greater antiquity, is shown by its being referred to, and that with considerable respect, not only by St. Ambrose, but also by Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian,

Cyprian, and the author of the "Epistle of Barnabas."* It must, therefore, at a very early period not only have come into existence, but have had time to gain credit for a while—though afterwards it was rejected, when local traditions came

* "That there are above" ("under the throne of glory," as the Jews said) "dwelling-places for souls, is strongly proved by testimonies of Scripture, inasmuch as in the books of Esdras we read: 'For when the day of judgment shall come, the earth shall give back the bodies of those who have passed away, and the dust shall restore the remains of the dead. And the receptacles,' he says, 'shall yield up the souls which have been committed to them, and the Most High shall be revealed upon the throne of judgment'" (Ambrose, *De Bono Mortis*, c. x., and n. 45). "'For why was not my mother's womb my tomb, that I should not see the affliction of the house of Jacob, and the labour of the children of Israel,' says Esdras the prophet" (Clement, "Stromata," iii., near the end, n. 16). These two quotations (from 4 Esdras vii. 32, 33, and v. 35 respectively), and others by St. Ambrose, read as if the authors had had the book before their very eyes when they wrote. The citations by Tertullian—against Marcion iv. 16, from Esdras v. 4; and on Prescription c. 3. "But, 'the eyes of the Lord,' he says, 'are high (*alti*),' from Esdras viii. 20, "O Lord . . . whose eyes are lifted up (*elevati*)"—are looser, as if from memory, or by hearing it read in church. That made by the author of the spurious Epistle of St. Barnabas (which is earlier than Clement of Alexandria, since he quotes it), is of the same character, but quite sufficient to prove acquaintance with 4 Esdras. Pseudo-Barnabas argues, c. xii. that "He," *i.e.*, Almighty God, "again gives us a pronouncement about the Cross, in another prophet, who says: 'And when shall these things be fulfilled?' And the Lord answers, 'When wood shall bow and stand up again, and when from wood blood shall distil.'" The corresponding passage (iv. 51, *sqq.*) from 4 Esdras is, "And I prayed, and said . . . 'What will be in those days?' And he answered me, and said [enumerating also a number of other signs] . . . 'From wood blood shall distil.'" No passage from the Apocalypse of Esdras is to be found in Irenæus, who therefore was either ignorant of it, or passed it over, either deliberately, or because he had not felt occasion to cite it. But in his third book "Against Heresies," c. xxxi., *alias* xxxvi., we read: "But for three days He [Our Lord] abode where the dead were, as a prophet says of Him, 'The Lord remembered His own holy dead, those who aforetime slept in the land of the grave, *terram sepelitionis*; and went down to them, to deliver them and to save them.'" This has been compared with 4 Esdras ii. 30, 31, "I will deliver thee, saith the Lord, to remember thy sleeping children; for I will bring them forth from the hollows, *de lateribus*, of the earth, and will do mercy with them, saith the Lord Almighty. Embrace thy children till I come and give them mercy." But the resemblance is loose and general. There were, however, many prophets or claimants to the title of prophet among the early Christians, and it is impossible but that the words of some of these should have been committed to writing. Irenæus may (and the same principle will apply also in other cases) have been quoting a document of this kind, and (as these prophecies would follow certain types) a similar document may have fallen into the hands of the Christian compiler of the first two chapters of 4 Esdras, who mistakenly referred it to Esdras. For it is not to be taken for granted that these apocryphal books, such as 4 Esdras, the Epistle of Barnabas, the Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs, etc., were deliberate forgeries, though this may have been the case in some instances. Sometimes they were works ascribed to a wrong author, as may have been the case with the Epistle of Barnabas. Sometimes, like the Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs, they were religious novels, which posterity took too seriously. And sometimes they were the results of incompetent efforts at editing—piecing together fragments and assigning them to an author, while at the same time making changes in the fragments with the idea of bringing them nearer to their

to be carefully compared and documents to be more exactly scrutinised. The date of its composition is now known to have been in, or very shortly after the conclusion of the reign, of Domitian (A.D. 81—96).^{*} If it was published under Domitian, the assassination of the tyrant must have been forecasted. If in the fourteen-months' reign of Nerva, by whom Domitian was succeeded, the significance of current events must have been miscalculated by the writer; for Trajan, whom the aged Nerva wisely associated with himself in the government, was destined to strengthen the Empire. At no long time after Domitian's assassination could the kingdom have been described as feeble and full of disturbance; though it might well have been so described in the *beginning* of Nerva's reign, when he offered his life to the Prætorian Guards as an atonement for the murder of his predecessor.

original state. In Egypt arose both the novel and the science of critically editing; and it is practically certain that the first and the last two chapters of 4 Esdras were put into their present form at Alexandria, the great seat of Egyptian literary activity in the centuries shortly before and after the Christian era. Where the "Apocalypse" itself (chapters iii.—xiv.), which is the central core of the book, was drawn up, is more open to question.

^{*} This date is arrived at chiefly from a vision, described in the eleventh chapter and explained in the twelfth, of an eagle—the Roman Empire—with twelve wings, eight winglets, and three heads. The twelve wings are expounded to be twelve successive kings, of whom, however, some were raised up, but immediately disappeared, and did not hold (*non tenebant*) the principality. The second wing, "who shall reign a longer time than any other of the twelve," is evidently Augustus, so that the first, as in the Sibylline Oracles vii. 11, must be Julius Cæsar. (By showing us how the Judæo-Christians counted the Emperors, these indications assist us in the interpretation of the enumeration in St. John's Apocalypse xvii. 10.) The first six Emperors were thus: Julius, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, who are described as the stronger or right-hand wings of the eagle. After these follow six left-hand wings, in which, according to the author's expressed design, are to be counted persons who rose up and immediately disappeared. This renders it difficult to distinguish between wings and winglets. But the six appear to be the following: (1.) C. Julius Vindex, prefect of Further Gaul, who first raised the standard of revolt against Nero. (2.) Galba, whom Vindex helped to elevate to the supreme generalship, and who reigned for eight months. (3.) L. Calpurnius Piso, associated by Galba in the government, but murdered, four days later, as Galba himself was. (4.) Nephridius, who asserted himself to be a natural son of Caligula, and, on the death of Galba, attempted to seize the throne. (5.) Otho, who stands next to Galba in the received list of Emperors, and reigned three months. (6.) Vitellius, a worthless glutton, who succeeded him, and reigned nine. The twelve wings are in 4 Esdras succeeded by the three heads: the first a central head, the second a left-hand head, and the third a right-hand head—indicating, according to the analogy of the right and left-hand wings, the greater potency or greater length of reign of the last of these three Emperors as compared with the second. Almost immediately

The fourth book of Esdras was, therefore, written towards the end of the first century. And by that time the tradition about Ezra re-editing the books of Moses, had, as we see from the way in which the writer relates it, already *had time to acquire a mythical character*; which is one out of several tokens of its more remote antiquity. For no one will say that the Esdraist (as we may call him) invented it. For him to have done so would have been only to discredit his book: the Jewish readers for whom the work was intended would have been inexpressibly shocked and surprised to meet with such an accusation—and still more to encounter it in a Jewish production—had they not already believed that the law had been veritably lost. If, on the other hand, they unwillingly recognised this loss, their favour would only be the more effectually conciliated by hearing that it had been so miraculously made good. Stories with legendary features, again, are not invented. They gradually grow up by misconceptions, exaggerations, and dramatisations of facts. The Esdraist, then, introduced this story into his Apocalypse because in substance it was already believed, and to give an air of reality to his composition. He may reasonably enough be supposed under these circumstances to have supernaturalised his subject and flattered his Jewish readers by representing the

after the death of the last of the three, we are told by the author, the Empire will be destroyed and the Messiah appear, which gives us the limit of his prescience; and he adds that the first would die in his bed, though in torments, and that of the other two the third should destroy the second with the sword, and in the very end (*in novissimis*) should be himself destroyed by it. These three are unquestionably the three Emperors of the Flavian House, Vespasian and his two sons, Titus and Domitian. Vespasian was faithful to Nero, and, perhaps in part because he was of plebian origin, made no pretension to the Empire till he and the victorious legions under his command—they had been engaged in the destruction of Jerusalem—were made anxious by the confusion which followed the death of Nero (the last of the Julian House), and were disgusted by the accession of Vitellius. He died in his bed, A.D. 79, after a reign of nine years. His son Titus, who succeeded him, died in A.D. 81, and was supposed to have been killed by his brother, who, according to some, poisoned him, and, according to others, had him, when already moribund, thrown into a bath filled with snow. Domitian then ascended the throne. He was called “the bald Nero,” and made himself so hated that he was assassinated A.D. 96. With him ended the Flavian House; and its fall was regarded as the beginning of the end of the Empire, as the fall of the Julian House had been regarded twenty-eight years previously.

manner of the reading in the most honorific way for Ezra that he could think of—to have, for example, compressed into the space of forty days and nights, and to have concentrated on the single personality of his hero, a labour in reality enormously longer and participated in by many *collaborateurs* in many ages. The operation of tradition itself may be expected itself to have done much for him here. Oral tradition is utterly unequal to such declarations as “These three verses were written by Moses, and have been preserved in an uninterrupted succession of manuscripts; those six were indeed written by him, but the ancient documents were lost or became indecipherable, and had to be supplemented by recollection of their contents; these three are an explanatory addition; those four were not written down by Moses at all, but were an oral tradition put down afterwards into writing; this was added as expressing the spirit of the Mosaic legislation; and that was the accidental error of a copyist.” Human memory is incapable of carrying down from generation to generation a mass of such uninteresting and in fact unimportant details. If the legislation were in sum and in substance Mosaic, that was all that was wanted. Oral tradition loves short pronouncements and bold outlines. Except where moral or doctrinal considerations come in, it does not trouble itself about the minutiae of texts. Confusion of fragments of manuscripts, and partial destruction, would soon, too, come to be dramatised and magnified into total annihilation.

To these very natural reflections it has to be added that this ancient tradition (as we may now in fairness call it), reported with more or less exaggeration by the Esdraist, is entirely out of congruity with the circumstances of his own age, but in keeping with the state of things in and before the age of Ezra. The whole of the surroundings of the destruction of the Temple and city of Jerusalem by Vespasian and Titus in A.D. 70, led away from the idea that such an event could have had as a con-

sequence the loss of the sacred books or of any part of them. In addition to innumerable more or less perfect copies in private hands, each synagogue possessed a complete exemplar in Hebrew; and as there were synagogues, in Persia and elsewhere, far beyond the limits of the Roman territory, the whole strength of the Imperial power would have failed to exterminate the law. But the synagogue system was instituted only in or after Ezra's time. How, then, was the mass of the Hebrew people previously instructed? By hearing the reading of the law when they came up to the sanctuary at the festivals; by the application of its principles in the decisions of judges and of priests; by oral tradition from father to son; and by the reading of such portions as might be in the possession of this or that individual. The Mosaic dispensation, as the Epistle to the Hebrews (vii. 19) reminds us, "made nothing perfect." Moses did not expect his written legislation to be diffused among the people (Deut. xvii. 10—13). Jewish Scripture reading was Rabbinical. The preservation of ancient documents by careful custody was trusted to, rather than their multiplication by repeated re-writing; and though outside copies of sections of the sacred books doubtless existed, transcripts of the whole would (especially in the earlier and ruder times of Jewish history) have been extremely expensive, very bulky, difficult to procure, and regarded as superfluous. How, then, was the law preserved? Chiefly in the Temple, and also in the royal archives. And if we bear in mind that there were times when the archives were in the hands of idolatrous custodians, and the Temple was given over to an idolatrous ritual, we shall find little difficulty in realising the probability that there were many partial destructions and restorations, of which the last and final restoration by Ezra left such an enduring impression that the Esdraist has given him, in a single handful, the credit of the whole.

Attempts have been made to close the Pentateuchal problem by appeal to phrases in the accounts of Our Lord's discourses

in the New Testament, in which, it is scarcely necessary to say, the system of the law is attributed to Moses.* We are not perhaps warranted in inferring from this that every single item of the legislation proceeded from him as its author, both because the Mosaic legislation is frequently given by examples,† and because the law in the Gospels is treated only from a general point of view, and is pronounced to be fulfilled when, and only when, its principles, as interpreted in a broad and reasonable spirit, are complied with.‡ The citation of the words

* "The law was given by Moses" (John i. 17); its teachers "sit in Moses's seat" (Matth. xxiii. 2); and inasmuch as it is read and paraphrased on the Sabbath, "Moses hath them that preach him" (Acts xv. 21). Its precepts are spoken of indifferently, as commandments of the law, of Moses, or of God. The days of purification are fulfilled "according to the law of Moses," and the sacrifices are presented at its conclusion "according to the custom of the law" (Luke ii. 22, 27). The offering made after the cure of leprosy is "the gift that Moses commanded" (Matth. viii. 4; Mark i. 44; Luke v. 14). Divorce in the ancient system was sanctioned because "Moses, by reason of the hardness of your heart, permitted you to put away your wives" (Matth. xix. 8; Mark x. 5). The mention of the law of the levirate is introduced by "Moses said" (Matth. xxii. 24; Mark xii. 9). The honour of parents is spoken of as required by the commandment of God and the declaration of Moses (Mark vii. 10). And from Moses the precept to stone the woman taken in adultery derives its authority (John viii. 5).

† For instance: "If thou meet thy enemy's ox or his ass going astray, bring it back to him" (Exodus xxiii. 4) is, manifestly, an enunciation of a principle by stating a case, as may be seen from the more generalised passage, Deut. xxii. 1. Similarly, "the soul that sinneth, and doeth anything concerning any of the commandments of the Lord, which He commanded not to be done," is to present a sin-offering (Lev. iv. 2). Equally so, of course, the person who omits to do something commanded to be done. "Eye for eye, tooth for tooth," etc. (Exodus xxi. 24), is, again, teaching by illustration (cf. Lev. xxiv. 17—21). It is the principle, not the example, which is of the essence of the law; and the latter would be equally Mosaic, if one equivalent example were substituted for another. Reduced to its principles, the Mosaic law is surprisingly simple.

‡ For instance: "Unless your justice abound more than that of the Scribes and Pharisees, you shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven. You have heard that it was said to them of old"—to those who lived long ago—"Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment." But I say to you that whosoever is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment," etc. (Matth. v. 20, *sqq.*) The case of murder, that is, is only an example; the principle, which the example only *illustrates*, covers anger, abuse, and false accusation. So again in verses 27, 31, 33, 38, and 43, of the same chapter. Conflicts of precepts are to be treated in the same spirit; for example, a conflict between a duty of charity and that of keeping the Sabbath day. "Which of you having an ass or an ox fallen into a well, will not straightway draw him out on the Sabbath day?" (Luke xiv. 5.) The false teachers whom Our Lord rebuked clung to the particular examples specified, and thus made the law "a letter that killeth," neglecting the principles, which were the really important matter. The group of passages in the fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, of which the first has been cited above, has been regarded as favourable to the idea of a redaction of the law later than Moses,

of the law is, accordingly, often dispensed with; they are frequently only alluded to.* Moses, however, is spoken of not only as *legislating*. Had that been all, the legislation, living in its comparatively few and simple principles, and capable of being exemplified now in one way and now in another, might have been supposed preserved at first only orally, though committed, little by little, to writing in course of centuries. But even in the Old Testament Moses is spoken of as having committed something to writing—as having left behind him shorter passages engraved on tablets, and longer documents written out on the readier and more pliable medium of rolls of parchment or (possibly) papyrus. At the same time, the Old Testament passages do not imply that he was the author, in writing, of the whole of the legislation in the five books of the Pentateuch much less that he wrote the whole Pentateuch. Partly by their silence and partly by their statements, they tend directly in the opposite direction, while the style and *modus loquendi* would be utterly unparalleled if Moses were their composer throughout.† And, singularly

because, it is urged, the preferable translation of the words, *errethe tois archaiois*, rendered in our Douai version by "It was said *to* them of old," would be "It was said *by* them of old," on the ground that had the first meaning been intended, the next verse would have commenced with "To you."

* In Matth. v. 43 we read: "You have heard that it hath been said, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy.'" The nearest approach to the last clause is Deut. xxiii. 6: "Thou shalt not make peace with them;" the Ammonites and the Moabites, "neither shalt thou seek their prosperity all the days of thy life for ever."

† E. G., "Moses was a man exceeding meek, above all men that dwelt on earth" (Numbers xii. 3). The natural sentiment of good taste is sufficient to decide whether this was written by Moses, without going into elaborate arguments which, when they are balanced one against another, leave the matter where they found it. The passages which declare that their originals were from his pen or from his scalpel are few and often indistinct. He is nowhere said to have composed the first book of the Pentateuch or any part of it; and this book of Genesis is, like the first nineteen chapters of Exodus, a narrative, and not a law except in the wide sense in which any instruction is a sort of legislation—the sense in which the Hebrew was told to listen to the law of his mother, and in which it was said, "Is it not written in your law, 'I said, ye are gods'" (John x. 34, referring to the eighty-fourth Psalm). There are, indeed, embedded in the narratives of Genesis, snatches, if we may so call them, of legislation; but the law, in the narrower sense, begins with the Ten Commandments in Exodus xx., or with the ordinance about the Passover in Exodus xiii. Concerning the first of these, however, there is no command or record of Moses's contemporaneously writing it down. The history about Amalek is first commanded to be written in a book (Exodus xvii. 14), *i.e.*, on a roll or a tablet. Then, after an interval of narrative, come the Ten Commandments, which are declared by the

enough, in the New Testament passages in which writings by Moses are spoken of, the references are exclusively to the book of Deuteronomy. The most important of these occurs in St. John's account of one of Our Lord's discourses, in which He says: "If you believed Moses, you would believe Me; for he wrote of Me. But if you do not believe his writings, how shall you believe My words?" (John v. 47). The reference is to Deut. xviii. 15—19: "The Lord thy God will raise up to thee a prophet of thy nation and of thy brethren like unto me," etc., which is probably alluded to by Philip in John i. 46, and is expressly appealed to both by St. Peter and St. Stephen (Acts iii. 22; vii. 37). The next most important is that in which Our Lord is recorded (Mark x. 5) to have said that Moses

inspired writer to have been traced by the finger of God, by supernatural power, on tablets of stone. These are followed by a short series of enactments briefly comprehending the principal points of the whole Mosaic legislation (except as regards the law of the priests); and, at the close of this series, the inspired author informs us that Moses "wrote down all the words of the Lord, and built an altar" (Exodus xxiv. 4), to offer the covenant sacrifice. But this does not mean everything from the first verse of Genesis to the last of Deuteronomy; it relates to the legislation just preceding the building of the altar; and where we read of "this law," only a chapter, or even a few verses, may be intended. Then, after a connecting narrative (as to the author of which no hint is given) follows a second group, this time of priestly laws, respecting the construction of the tabernacle and connected topics, without any command, or even mention, of writing (Exodus xxv.—xxxi). We then have the covenant itself, beginning: "Behold, I make a covenant;" and ending: "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in its mother's milk" (Exodus xxxiv. 10—26). Moses is then commanded to "write these words . . . and he wrote upon the tables the ten words of the covenant," *i.e.*, the Ten Commandments, the first tables having been destroyed. After this, nothing more is heard of writing or commands to write (except that Moses is stated, Numbers xxxiii. 2, to have set down the journeyings of the Israelites from station to station) till we come to Deuteronomy. This book contains four mentions of written laws. (1.) It is ordained that each future King of Israel should "write out a copy of this law in a book, out of that before the Levitical priests" (xvii. 18). This has raised questions (*a*) as to what law is meant, and (*b*) to whom the words are to be attributed; for Samuel is stated (1 Kings x. 25) to have written out the manner of the kingdom in a book and laid it up "before the Lord." (2.) The Israelites are commanded (Deut. xxvii. 4) to write "all the words of this law"—not necessarily the same law, for the context is different, but apparently Deut. xxvii., etc. (see Deut. xxxi. 27)—very plainly, on great stones covered with plaster, on taking possession of the Promised Land. (3—4.) We are informed (xxx. 9, 22, 26) that Moses wrote the Canticle called after him; and that, "when he had made an end of writing the words of this law in a book, . . . he commanded the Levites, saying: 'Take this book of the law, and put it by the side of the ark of the covenant.'" Here again, questions have been raised as to what is covered by the expression, "this law"—whether the whole of Deuteronomy up to this point; or the whole from the beginning of the enactments at Deut. xii. 1, "These are the statutes and judgments;" or parts of these, and especially the more solemn parts, *e.g.*, the blessings and curses.

wrote the precept respecting writing a bill of divorcement—which is also found in Deuteronomy (xxiv. 1) and not elsewhere. The remaining passages are those in which the Scribes and Pharisees speak of the law of the levirate as written by Moses (Mark xii. 19; Luke xx. 28). This law is also given only in Deuteronomy (xxv. 5). But though they must have known of the tradition stated by the Esdraite, or of similar traditions, the sacred writers of the New Testament make no reference to the extent to which what Moses actually wrote was preserved in writing by a succession of manuscripts; or, if there were laws which he verbally expounded and applied for the forty years in the wilderness, leaving their condensation into a written form to be afterwards effected by others, to the ways or the times in which they were committed to writing; or to the means by which any ravages caused by time, war, or idolatry, were repaired.

Further light, though from quite a different point of view, is thrown on this subject by the strange unorthodox productions of the first Christian centuries, of which the Clementine Homilies and the Epistle of Ptolemy to Flora are in this connexion especially noteworthy. The "Clementines," as they are called, are a religious novel which gives itself out as the production of St. Clement of Rome, a near successor of St. Peter in the Papacy. Its former wide popularity is testified to by three redactions or editions of it having been made—the Recognitions or Readings or Legends, the Homilies, and the Epitome—all of which have been preserved. It has, in fact, a plot; along with the theological matter is incorporated a story; and the theological matter itself is put in the naturally interesting form of a series of disputations between St. Peter and Simon Magus, curious stories of whose witchcrafts are episodically introduced. The work was originally conceived in the interests of a heretical sect, whose doctrines St. Peter is made to express in his discourses; and these discourses are much older than the later re-handlings of the book, and date back to the earlier part of the

second century. The following is the account given of the Pentateuch :

Peter replied to Simon : " The law of God was given without writing to the seventy wise men through Moses, to be passed on by tradition, that it might be the principle of the government to his successors ; and after the assumption of Moses it was written by someone, but not by Moses himself. For in that very law itself it is written, ' and Moses died, and they buried him near the house of Phogor, and no one knows his tomb down to this day.' Could Moses when he was dead write, ' Moses died ' ? For, five hundred years, or even more, after the days of Moses, the law was found in the Temple that had been built, and after some other five hundred years it was taken away, and was destroyed when the Temple was burnt by Nebuchodonosor. And, observe, this written and often-destroyed law bears witness to the prescience of Moses, who did not write it because he foresaw its destruction ; but those who wrote it are convicted of ignorance in that they did not foresee its destruction ; and were not prophets. . . .

" But to prove that in the Scriptures falsehood and truth are mingled, I remember that, accusing the Sadducees, He [Christ] said, ' Therefore ye err, not knowing the true things of the Scriptures, for which reason ye are ignorant of the power of God.' But if He blames them for not knowing the true things of the Scriptures, plainly these must contain things which are false. Also in saying, ' Become good money changers,' He shows that they contain both sound and spurious passages. And when He says, ' Why do you not intelligently apprehend the reasonable (*eulogon*) in the Scriptures ?' He makes firmer the mind of one who desires to understand them independently."* —"Clementine Homilies," Homily iii. nn. 47, 50.

Among the early Christians, I scarcely need remind the reader, some were Jews by descent while some were Gentiles ; so that, as all did not hold the balance evenly, there came to be a Judaising party, which idolised St. James, and an anti-Jewish party, which idolised St. Paul. The more extreme representatives of both tendencies were heretics ; and the Juda-

* The quotations here made by the author of the Homilies (excepting the first, which is taken from the Septuagint translation of xxxiv. 6) are from a spurious Gospel. The reference as to the finding of the law in the Temple is to the narrative in II Kings, xxii.

ising heretics, whose centre was naturally at Jerusalem till the destruction of the city in A.D. 70, preceded the anti-Judaising in time. They were, in fact, half-converted Jews; and it is somewhat surprising to find that the Clementines were originally written in the interest of this form of misbelief, since Judaisers are the last people in the world one would suspect of a tendency to depreciate the law. The fact, however, is plain enough: St. Peter and his companions in the Clementines partake only of specially prepared food, and will not eat with Gentiles; they recur to "our James" as to a superior authority; and they apply to St. Paul the term *inimicus homo*—the enemy who sowed tares among the wheat.* But they scrupled at accepting the Mosaic law in its integrity, because it spoke of God too humanly for them, and because of the sacrificial system. "If He dwells in mirk and darkness and tempest and smoke, who, that is the greatest light of all, illuminates the world?" "That sacrifices are not exacted by Him is evident, because those who desired flesh meat were slain as soon as they had tasted it, and the place where they were buried was called the Tomb of Concupiscence. He, therefore, Who from the beginning was averse from the killing of animals, not wishing them to be slain, did not ordain sacrifices as one desirous of them, did not require first-fruits; for without the slaughter of animals neither can sacrifices be accomplished nor first-fruits rendered."† We here begin to suspect that in these Judaisers there is something more than Judaising; they begin to remind us of the Brahmins, who will not destroy animal life, and of the Persian priests, the Magians, those worshippers of light, fire, and of the

* Recognitions i. 66, 70, 71; Homily xiii. 8; etc. A short passage in Homily vii. 8, states the substance of religion to be to believe in God alone and in the Prophet of Truth (Our Lord); to be baptised unto remission of sins; to abstain from things offered to idols, from that which has died of itself, from animals suffocated, taken in hunting, and from blood; to live purely, temperately, and beneficently, expecting everlasting life; and to pray always.

† Homilies ii. 44; iii. 45. The allusion respecting "those who desired flesh meat," is to the quails (Numbers xi. 31—35.)

sun. This suspicion is strengthened by other circumstances ; for instance, their representing their books as secret books (which, by the way, is true also of the Esdraite) ; their continual reference to washings, and lavings, and bodily cleanliness ; and the declaration that the twelve Apostles answered to " the twelve months of the sun " (Homilies ii. 23). Was there, then, any Orientalising sect among the Jews ? There was ; it was that of the Essenes, who are minutely described by Josephus.* They exceed, he says, all other men that addict themselves to virtue. They have all property in common ; abstain altogether from oaths ; live (where they can) by husbandry ; and offer no sacrifices in the Temple, because they have more pure lustrations of their own. They take great pains in examining the writings of the ancients—that is to say, the ancient books of the Jews, and in particular the law—and *select* out of them what is most for the benefit of their soul and body ; but they have also secret books of their own. They use special food, and regard oil as a defilement. In their religious assemblies they wear white garments, and before holding them they bathe themselves in cold water. They take precautions (which he describes) not to defile the divine rays of light, and before sunrise put up certain prayers which they have received from their forefathers, " as if they made a supplication for its rising." They have (like the author of the Clementines) a very poor opinion of women ; and while some of them marry (early marriage is commended in the Clementines), others, who form distinct communities, make it a principle not to do so.

Is there any one head from which these branches may be derived ? There is ; and it is the Kabbala. But, for many reasons, the long concealed mysteries of the Kabbala deserve more than a paragraph.

Z. Y. Z.

(To be continued.)

* Antiquities xiii. 5, 9 ; xviii. 1, 5 ; On the Jewish War ii. 8, 2.

Only in August.

ONLY in August I have not seen you.
August comes with his wheat and poppies ;
Ruddy sunlight in corn and coppice :
Only in August I have not seen you.

Autumn beckons far-off like a greeting.
I and Autumn have secrets of you,
All the Winter was long to love you ;
Wintry winds have a song of meeting.

Dear is Summer, but Spring is dearer.
In the Spring there was heavenly weather ;
Love, and sunshine, and you together.
Dear is Summer, but Spring is dearer.

June is fled with her rose and pansies.
More is gone than a drift of roses,
More than the may that the May uncloses,
More than April—with songs and dances.

Only in August I have not seen you.
Every month hath its share of graces,
Flowers, and song, and beloved faces.
Only in August I have not seen you.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

*Saint Zenobio.**(Concluded from page 190.)*

SAINT ZENOBIO'S chronicler goes on to record the following miracles :

One day, as San Zenobio was going northwards to the Ambrosian Basilica outside the city walls, called the Church of San Lorenzo, he met a funeral attended by a great number of citizens, who were going to bury a young man, son of one of the most distinguished Florentines. When they saw Zenobio coming towards them so opportunely those amongst them who were true believers formed a circle round the Saint, addressing him as Our Lord was once addressed : "*Quanta audivimus facta in Carfarnao : fac et hic in patria tua*"—thinking to induce the Saint to help them by saying, "If you could get the Most High God to restore her son to a foreigner, as the French lady was, how much more should you do it for a countryman and fellow-citizen." But San Zenobio excused himself, not wishing to give occasion for the accusations of those grumblers who called him most presumptuous, and said he tried to do a miracle every day so that his miracles might even surpass those of Our Lord in number and power—not comprehending that it was not by his own power he worked, but by Christ's merits. However, finding the people would take no excuse, and that they asked in unwavering faith, he was moved to satisfy them for the glory of God. So he knelt down in his accustomed way, facing the east, and desired the people to sing *Kyrie eleison* heartily ; he clasped his hands, and raising his eyes to Heaven, the power Divine descended into the dead man who got up alive with the Saint and people, when they rose from their knees ; and he remained there a long time thanking God, not being able to get away because the streets were so crowded with people who wished to see the revived man.

It is impossible to leave unrecorded another miracle which he did by restoring to life a man called Simplicio, who was in com-

mand of a party sent by St. Ambrose to carry a box with the bones and relics of St. Vitale and three other Saints as a present to San Zenobio. He met the procession as he was on his way to consecrate a church in the Romagna, and seeing them all in great trouble inquired the cause, and was told that their chief had fallen over a precipice and was killed with his horse. San Zenobio at once dismounted and on his knees received the case of relics; kissing the outside of the box, for he said he felt unworthy to kiss the relics or even touch them, therefore he devoutly kissed the outside of the box. Then raising his eyes to Heaven he prayed God to show forth His glory for the merits of these Saints alone. He then made his usual prayer and continued praying over the poor crushed body until it pleased God that San Zenobio should come out victorious and miraculously raise the dead man to life. When the bystanders saw the crushed body alive and without a fracture upon it, they exclaimed, "Now will we believe all you say, O glorious Pontiff, and that God has willed to show His glory not for your merits, but for those of the Saints we have brought you." After staying a few days with San Zenobio to rest themselves, they made a safe journey back to St. Ambrose, wherever they came spreading the fame of San Zenobio's holiness and of the wonderful miracle, until the numbers of people who came praising God and wishing to touch or look at the cured man increased to such a crowd as to block up the road and prevent their passing on.

I have already mentioned SS. Eugenio and Crescentio, but they come so frequently before us in the after part of the biography of our hero, that I think I ought to speak of them more fully, and will give what information I have been able to collect of their lives, manners, and holiness as written by Simpliciano and other contemporaries. For by their means the Most High God worked great wonders and miracles, of which signs and miracles we will, as briefly as possible, relate those which refer to San Zenobio. Eugenio was the only son of a noble Florentine called Chiaro, a great friend of St. Ambrose. When Chiaro was setting out for Milan to attend to some affairs, he went first to San Zenobio for his blessing, and then offered to do any services in that city, or to carry a message to San Ambrose. San Zenobio asked him to tell Ambrose he was

longing to see him that he might be delighted by his discourse. Arrived in Milan, Chiaro's first care was to deliver the message, on receiving which St. Ambrose was so rejoiced to hear from Zenobio that he made Chiaro his guest during his stay in Milan. When Ambrose was subsequently in Florence, he, in return, took up his abode with Chiaro, whose regard for the Saint became so great, that he gave up to his care his only son Eugenio to be trained and brought up as a cleric. St. Ambrose appointed him his own sub-deacon, for he delighted in the youth's amiable temper, and always spoke of him with great praise. There is a letter from Ambrose to his sister-in-law, Marcella, in which he commends him highly. In another place it is said of him that "he became such an ornament to the Christian faith, that it appeared as if each day he ascended a step higher on the ladder of holiness." Crescentio, who was also a Florentine, was made sub-deacon about the same time. Clement, in bewailing the degeneracy of his own times, laments that the good old Saints which were in most repute in Zenobio's days are now forsaken, and others of greater or less degree set up together with unauthenticated relics and false miracles. He continues :

But I will now return to real Saints, and their true and accredited miracles, and tell you how Zenobio's ninth miracle was done: A little five-year-old boy belonging to people of good family who lived near the Church of San Salvador, was playing with some other children when he was frightened by the oxen in a cart, and, as ill-luck would have it, in turning to run away he got knocked down, and the cart wheel passed over him and killed him. Now, when the news reached his mother you will easily imagine how desolated she was, until it occurred to her to get St. Eugenio to go with her and take the boy to San Zenobio, expecting he would restore her son. Eugenio, pitying her sad case, went and wept with her before San Zenobio, praying (while she laid her son at his feet) that he would have pity on such a very miserable mother. The good Bishop, not wishing to show off his own merits, but those of his disciples, as acceptable to God, called Eugenio and Crescentio to him, saying : "*Oremus fratres*

ut mulieris huius fidem precibus servorum suorum respiciat Deus et pietatis suæ ac misericordiæ suæ meritum illi ostendere dignetur," and rising from their knees, they found the boy was alive and well, and they sent Eugenio to take him back to his mother.

It pleased God that Eugenio sickened of a mortal illness, and some said that, though he was at far-away Milan, St. Ambrose was aware of it; others called it chance; but, however it was, it so turned out that just at that time St. Ambrose came to Florence and was with Eugenio to comfort, console, and help him in his need. But it is wonderful to say that the more his body languished, even till all his strength was gone, God still left his mind, faculties, and power of speech untouched. Now St. Eugenio heard that one of his relations had passed from this poor life without penitence or the Sacraments, and this afflicted him sorely. Then San Zenobio, pitying the grief of his good disciple, commanded that there should be brought a little salt and water, and blessing these he gave them to St. Eugenio, who was almost *in extremis*, saying to him: "My son, rise up in the name of the mighty God, Creator of all, and go quickly, without doubting, to the house of your relative who is just dead; sprinkle his body with this holy water in the name of Christ, and he will quickly revive and give thanks to the Most High." When Eugenio heard this he got up as if he felt no weakness, rising lightly from the bed on which he had languished so long, and went to the house of his deceased relative, did what he had been told to the dead man, who rose up alive, as if from sleep, to his beloved relation. And thus revived, he took him to San Zenobio's house, praising God and the good Bishop for whose merits and those of his ministers (Eugenio and Crescentio) God had allowed that this soul should not be damned. But so soon as Eugenio returned home his sickness came on him with redoubled force, and he foretold the day and hour of his death to SS. Zenobio, Ambrose, and Crescentio. Now though they rejoiced to hear the day and to know St. Eugenio was so soon to have the joy of returning to his Maker, still the thought that for a time they would be deprived of one they so dearly loved made them weep quietly for their own loss: then with many priests who were present they began to sing, "Ad te Domine levavi animam meam." When they reached the words, "Deus meus in te confido non erubescam," the Saints standing around saw the soul of Eugenio fly away, in the year of Our Lord 421, November 17th; and these Saints buried his body in the Church of San Salvador, and thirty

days after his death the same three Saints consecrated in the honour of St. Eugenio a church in the Bishopric of Fiesole, seven miles out of Florence to the east, calling it by the holy name of Eugenio.

The same year in which Eugenio died, the holy Doctor, St. Ambrose, also departed from this miserable life and flew away for ever to the eternal kingdom, which is his own native country ; and two years after that St. Crescentio also left this changeable world, and San Zenobio buried him side by side with St. Eugenio in the church of San Salvador, performing the funeral service himself with full honours, and attended by all the clergy of Florence with equal honour and as much regretted as St. Eugenio.

After San Zenobio had seen his beloved brother Ambrose, his dear disciples Eugenio and Crescentio, and many other good Christians, pass away before him to eternal life, at last the day came for which he wished all who loved him to join in giving thanks. He was overpowered by the infirmity of old age, and gladly sent word to all his clergy foretelling the day and hour of his death. The news spread quickly and everyone flocked in not only from the city, but from the neighbouring towns ; more especially were those anxious to come to whom he had restored life or healed of their sicknesses. All assembled at his house crowding round his bed, for they wished to see, and hoped perhaps to be able to touch him ; desiring, at any rate, if they could not reach him, to kiss the bed on which he lay. Those were indeed happy who could get close enough to kiss his hands or feet, praising his goodness while weeping their own loss in being deprived of such a holy father, each one begging a parting blessing.

And he, being already wasted away, with the chill of death beginning to overpower him, all his bodily strength gone, and his intellect alone remaining, even then his face was radiant with happiness so great that it appeared as if divinity shone through him. Being still able to speak he asked to be raised up a little, and began to address the bystanders thus :

My well beloved children in Christ, I know that we have begun to tread that way into which our fathers of old were called, and to which God has also called me ; now I leave you in remembrance to carry out the lessons I have taught you. Be discreet in all your doings. Have nothing to do with the Arians or any other schism. Guard carefully the holy faith of Christ, being obedient to your spiritual master : for after my death a new Bishop should be elected, without contentions or scandal, to be your guide under God for the care of your souls. And now, my children, though the time has come to-day for me to leave you here, your Zenobio is going to his Maker, where he will stay near Him praying for you.

And raising his hand a little, he blessed them all, at the same time asking the priests and Bishops to give him their blessing ; then trying to turn himself towards God, strength failed him, and so his spirit passed away May 25th, A.D. 424, after living in this world for ninety years.

Then the sorrowing Bishops and clergy washed and anointed his body, and arraying it in his pontifical robes they carried it with highest honours to the Church of San Lorenzo, where they buried it in a marble chest.

Forgotten Colleges.

CONVENT OF SS. GIOVANNI E PAOLO, ROME.

IN the days of the Emperor Flavius Claudius Julianus, who fixed an everlasting stain upon his memory by deserting Christianity, there dwelt in Rome two noble brothers, Joannes and Paulus, who had been domestic officers of the saintly Constantia, daughter of the Emperor Constantine the Great. The former was Præpositus, the latter Primicerius of her household. They were now passing their days in retirement and the practice of Christian virtue, in a house close to the Temple of Claudius on the Cœlian Hill, midway between the Arch of Dolabella and Silenus (built in the very year of the loss of Our Lord at Jerusalem) and the great Palatium of the Cæsars.

Apronianus was then Prefect, or governor, of the city ; and he was a deadly enemy of Christians. The two brothers were soon denounced as Galileans, for so Julian called Christians in contempt ; and it was represented to him how they daily fed a crowd of Christian poor, by means of the wealth which Constantia had left to them. The apostate, with an eye to their riches too, summoned them, and ordered them to take their places in the imperial household, with the sacrifice of their faith. In the retirement of their home they spent the ten days of grace granted them for making their determination, in devout preparation for death, in which they were comforted by Priscus, a priest, Priscillianus, a cleric, and Benedicta, a venerable religious woman. Their property they distributed among the poor.

At the end of the ten days they still refused to adore and offer incense to the little image of Jupiter sent by Julian's order for the purpose ; and so, for fear of any public commotion, and to give colour to the report that they had been sent away on affairs of state, they were beheaded in the privacy of their house, at the third hour of night, June 26th, A.D. 362, by Terentianus, the imperial campidoctor, or officer who exercised young soldiers in the use of arms.

The bodies of the two martyrs were buried secretly in a pit within their own dwelling by Terentianus ; but God revealed their fate to their three friends, and wonders soon began to make their grave glorious. Then Julian, being infuriated, ordered Priscus, Priscillianus, and Benedicta to be beheaded ; and January 4th following they fell under the sword of Terentianus. Their bodies were secretly taken by Joannes and Pimenius, priests, and Flavianus, ex-prefect of the city, and buried in the house of the brothers, not far from them. Then the only son of Terentianus came to the house, and was possessed by a demon, which cried out that the two brothers would set him on fire. The youth was delivered by the intercession of the martyrs, and father and son, being thus won over to Christianity, were soon beheaded at Julian's command, and were interred within the house. Very shortly after, the conquering arm of Christ struck down the impious Emperor. He was succeeded by Flavius Claudius Jovianus, who though he occupied the imperial throne for little longer than seven months, revoked the edicts of his predecessor against Christianity. Jovian gave orders to Byzantius, a Roman senator, with his son, Pammachius, to find the bodies of the two brothers, for holy veneration, and to turn their house into a church. This was done, and to this Church of St. Pammachius, monk and friend of St. Jerome, was united a monastery, which became a school of Saints. Under the high altar, with its confessional, repose the venerable relics of SS. Joannes and Paulus, Priscus, Priscillianus, and Benedicta, and

Terentianus and his son ; and to their holy company are added St. Saturninus and twelve other Roman martyrs of Christ.

In the early ages of the Roman Church the devotion to the two Saints was very great, and they are still commemorated in the Canon of the Mass. They had special offices in the Sacramentaries of St. Gelasius and St. Gregory the Great, and the latter Pope appointed their church to be the station for the first Friday in Lent. In 1216 the church was made collegiate. But as ages glided by, and especially when the Popes had to settle at Avignon, the Canons fell off, and the establishment sank into neglect and decay, although the church was several times restored by the Cardinal-priests, who took their title from it. Pope Nicholas IV., about 1452, gave the church and house to the Gesuati, or Jesuats of St. Jerome, founded by St. John Columbino, and approved in 1367. When these Jesuats were put down, in 1668, by Pope Clement IX., the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo and house, both of which were going to ruin, returned into the hands of the Sovereign Pontiffs, and the house stood void for eight years. From time to time, and especially now, considerable portions of the venerable relics were distributed to Avignon, Venice, Tours, Ravenna, Fulda, Veroli, Prague, and Bologna. The church continues to be remarkable as a pure specimen of the Romanesque style of the north of Europe. The interior consists of a nave and two aisles separated by pilasters and sixteen ancient composite columns. The tessellated pavement is of Opus Alexandrinum, and in the nave, within an iron railing, is a marble stone, which marks the spot where the patron-Saints poured forth their faithful blood. The portico in front is supported by eight granite and marble columns. At some little distance from the church is a fine campanile, built upon immense blocks of travertine, which are supposed to have formed part of the Curia Hostilia, built by the King Tullus Hostilius nearly seven hundred years before Christ, but more probably belonged to the Temple of Claudius.

When Father Philip Thomas Howard, first Prior of the Convent of Bornhem, in Flanders, was created a Cardinal-priest, in May, 1675, amongst the first thoughts which engrossed his mind were the interests of the English Dominican Province, which was restored by him to monastic observance. He soon exercised the influence, which the prestige of his noble family and his own personal merits secured, by making his first petition to his patron, Pope Clement X., that the Church and Convent of SS. Giovanni e Paolo should be made over to the English Dominicans, so that they might receive a place and name in the metropolis of Christianity, under the protection of the Pontifical throne. There the *alumni* of the Province might devote themselves to true learning in the Thomistic school of St. Maria sopra Minerva, and into that training in regular discipline which the head of the Order imparted. The Cardinal's request was granted at once; and the Master-General of the Order, Fray Juan Tomas de Rocaberti de Perelada, gave the scheme his full sanction, and urged it forward with all his power. The Irish Dominicans sought to obtain this establishment, and their Procurator-General, F. John O'Connor, would have succeeded in his negotiations if he had not had to give way to the English Cardinal; their disappointment, however, was amply compensated by their obtaining, in 1677, the Convent of St. Clemente, with the united Convent of St. Sisto.

Cardinal Howard repaired the buildings and laid out more than 15,000 Roman scudi (above £3,200) in restoring the decayed campanile, in adorning the church, and in repairing and fitting up the dwelling as a college of strict studies. The records of the house are lost, so that the history of this establishment is drawn from scattered sources. Acting on the advice of Cardinal Howard, the Master-General, February 29th, 1676, summoned to Rome F. Vincent Hyacinth Cowper, to consult him on some business known to himself, and directed him to bring a postulant lay-brother, Sebastian Hodgkinson,

from the Convent of Bornhem. This special affair was doubtless the establishment of the Convent of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, on which it was wished to consult the Father, and to place him in the Priorship, as he was a Religious fully qualified for the important charge. The office for the first two triennia must have been held either by F. Vincent Hyacinth Cowper, or by F. Thomas White, but the greatest probability stands in favour of the former. Thomas Cowper, or Cooper, was born in 1629, at the village of Rushall, Norfolk, and being converted in 1652, entered the English College at Rome, September 24th, 1655, under the name of Ross, was ordained priest April 12th, 1659, and left April 26th, 1662, for England. Carrying out, through great difficulties, his long-cherished desire for religious life, in 1666 he received the Dominican habit September 8th, at Bornhem, and there made his solemn profession, September 14th, in the following year. F. Thomas White, of the family of White of Warnborough, Hants, was professed in the Roman Province, under the Italian name of Bianchi; and as he became S. Th. Mag., might have been Regent of Studies awhile in the new convent, though no such appointment appears on record; and certainly by the procurement of Cardinal Howard, he was made Penitentiary of St. Maria Maggiore, and continued such tili 1688, with the obligation of residence close to the Basilica, in the house which lodged the successive Dominican Penitentiaries.

During his residence in Rome, F. Vincent Hyacinth Cowper was rewarded with the title of Presentatus of Theology. He quitted the Eternal City in or after 1683, and returned to the English Mission. F. Vincent Torre, on August 20th of this year, left Bornhem for Rome; and although he was Vicar-General of his English brethren, took up the government of the Roman convent. But in 1685, at the instance of Cardinal Howard, he was appointed Provincial of his Order in England, being the first since the fall of the country from the unity of the

Faith. Then followed F. Ambrose Thomas Grymes, who, before his term of office was over, accepted the charge of chaplain to James Cecil, Earl of Salisbury (an illustrious convert, and friend of Cardinal Howard) with whom he left Rome, September 19th, 1687, for Belgium and Brussels. An arrangement was made to place F. Thomas White in the vacant office, as soon as his place of Penitentiary could be filled up; but this resignation was not effected till he was instituted Provincial, November 13th, 1688, on which he surrendered his connexion with the great Basilica in favour of F. Ambrose McDermott, Prior of SS. Clemente e Sisto, from 1686 to 1689, who afterwards became Bishop of Elphin. Then came F. Dominic Pegge, and continued in the Priorial stall down to the time of his death, December 21st, 1691. To him succeeded F. Edward Bing, who was sent from Rome to England, September 11th, 1694, and the following March was instituted Provincial.

The College of Studies here was conducted on the usual routine prescribed in the Dominican Order, consisting of two years of philosophy, two years *De Locis Theologicis*, and four years of the formal study of the teaching of St. Thomas Aquinas; but this last great course was passed at the College of the Minerva, or at one of the Italian houses where some celebrated teacher occupied the "chair of truth." On account of the slender staff of Religious here, the clerical novices passed the year of probation in an Italian convent.

In the course of twenty-one years, twelve Religious, of whom two were lay-brothers, joined the Order in Rome, and became *Sons* of this house. F. Harry Dominic Pegge tested his religious vocation at Bornhem, from July 27th to September 9th, 1673, and from January 5th to February 14th, 1675, and being sent into Italy, was professed, in 1677, for SS. Giovanni e Paolo. Here he taught philosophy, 1685, and being elected Prior in 1687 or 1688, was reinstituted lector, September 11th,

1688, and made first lector, September 3rd, 1690. F. Patrick Ogliby was professed in 1679, and died here in 1685, in the forty-second year of his age. F. Thomas Cottam quitted Rome in 1682, to become Confessor of the Dominican Sisters of Brussels, where he died, October 3rd, 1693. F. Joseph Broughton, whose real name was Nottle, being the only child of Humfrey and Ann Nottle, of London, who were of the middle class, well off, and Catholics, was born and brought up in London, baptised in June, 1659, by a Catholic priest, and also confirmed, and there completed his humanity studies. Even in youth he suffered persecution for the Faith. Being admitted into the English College, Rome, October 2nd, 1680, he left, April 14th, 1681, for SS. Giovanni e Paolo, thence proceeded to the novitiate at Naples, and after profession, in 1682, studied there. On the recommendation of the Vicar of the Congregation of La Sanita, he was allowed by the Master-General, November 18th, 1690, to pass his examination for the lectorate at the Collegio Monte di Dio; and then returned to Rome. In shattered health, he was removed by the Master-General, September 10th, 1695, and assigned, till otherwise disposed of by his superiors, to Bornhem, where he died, April 26th following, in the forty-second year of his age. B. Robert Procter, sub-deacon, died in his convent here, August 30th, 1690. F. John Been, in the same year, closed his life in Ireland. F. Erasmus Henry (Thomas Dryden), third son of John Dryden, poet-laureate, by Elizabeth his wife, daughter of Thomas Howard, Earl of Berks, was born May 2nd, 1669, and was admitted upon the foundation of the Charterhouse, in 1681, on the King's recommendation. A convert, with his father, he studied philosophy at Douay, and entered the English College, Rome, October 25th, 1690, for his theology, but left, March 1st, 1691, to pass the Dominican novitiate at Florence for SS. Giovanni e Paolo. After his profession in 1692, and ordination in 1694, he was

made a lector of theology, and went to Rome. Thence he was sent, by the Master-General, November 16th, 1697, to Bornhem, where he became Sub-prior and was *in capite* over the convent in 1700. He soon betook himself to the mission in London, and succeeding to the baronetcy of his family, in May, 1710, went to the family seat, Canons Ashby, and there died, December 3rd following, in the forty-second year of his age. About 1695 B. Albert Lovett was professed at Naples: and in that year B. Alan Pennington, at St. Catarina's Convent in the same city, and Dominic Dye, a lay-brother, at SS. Giovanni e Paolo, took the solemn vows. B. Ambrose Burgis was still a novice at Naples, when his parent-house was broken up at Rome, to which John Melis, a lay-brother, also probably belonged.

As professors, officials, and students, many Religious were sent to Rome from Bornhem. Of these, Torre, Bing, and Grymes have been already named. Grymes, before he became Prior, occupied the professor's chair here. Hodgkinson, the lay-brother who assisted in colonising the house, was professed in 1678, and eventually returned to Bornhem, where he died, April 16th, 1694. F. Thomas Molineux was some time in Rome, down to 1697, and probably held some offices. F. Raymund Greene gave courses of philosophy and theology with great applause, received the degree of Præsentatus, September 19th, 1687, and about a week after left Rome to teach the same sciences at Bornhem. B. Dominic Smith was sent for studies, September 22nd, 1682, and died here in 1686, in sub-deacon's orders. B. Vincent Chilton accompanied the last to Rome, was ordained about 1688, and after being procurator and a lector of theology returned to Bornhem. F. John Tarlton (probably an *alias* for Ovington) was assigned here, May 19th, 1685, by the Master-General; but nothing more appears of him. F. Dominic Williams (afterwards Vicar-Apostolic of the Northern District of England) departed for

Rome, March 9th, 1688, to study philosophy and part of theology, which he completed at the Collegio Monte di Dio, Naples, whence he was sent back, November 26th, 1695, to SS. Giovanni e Paolo. BB. William Thomas Gibson and Peter Kirsopp were assigned here, March 9th, 1688, for studies; the former was ordained in 1692, and taking the lectorate, taught philosophy at Aglia, in Piedmont; the latter was ordained in 1694, but his health was undermined by the malaria of Rome, and he never entirely recovered, dying at Bornhem, December 3rd, 1705. F. Gilbert Parker, professed at Bornhem, December 28th, 1690, was ordained in 1693, went through his theology in Italy, and was made a lector. B. Thomas Worthington, after 1692, studied at Rome, and was ordained in 1695. F. Edward Martin, studying in Italy and earning the lectorate, was ordained in 1697. Of lay-brothers, Ludovicus Labiniau, a Belgian, went to Rome, August 20th, 1683, with the Vicar-General Torre, and served in the procuratorship of the convent till he was required to return to Bornhem, August 10th, 1687; and Henry Packe was steward of Cardinal Howard, on whose death, in June, 1694, he was made Procurator here and continued till March 9th, 1697, when he was assigned, for the rest of his life, by the Master-General, as companion of the Confessor of the English Dominican Nuns at Brussels.

Besides F. Thomas White (Bianchi) from the Roman Province, aid was also given by the Irish Dominicans. F. Felix McDowell taught here before 1680; and F. Lawrence O'Ferrall was formally instituted second lector of theology, September 6th, 1690, by the Master-General, who at the same time assigned him to this house. And thus, with the charitable aid of other Provinces, the studies at SS. Giovanni e Paolo were efficiently carried on. F. Thomas White died, November 19th, 1694, and was buried here.

In the Convent of Bornhem and College at Rome the English Dominican Province was provided with all the strict require-

ments of the Order. But a new and pressing necessity now existed for the training of a body of missionaries, by whom the rampant heresy of England could be encountered with the shifting polemics of times and circumstances. Fully to supply this want, there was needed, too, a more rapid succession of Apostolic preachers than the lengthened routine of studies provided. On the founding of a missionary college the mind of Cardinal Howard was fully set, with the sanction of the head of the Order. By his last will, dated March 11th, 1694, he gave all the residue of his goods to buy and found the College of St. Thomas of Aquinas of the Walloon Dominicans in Douay as a College for the English Dominicans; and in case they could not compass the purchase of that College, or some place in Douay, Brussels, Antwerp, or other city in the Low Countries, where it should seem good to the Provincial of England *pro tempore*, the residue should be given to the Convent of English Dominicans at Bornhem. After the Cardinal's death, June 17th following, his executors realised not more than forty thousand scudi, of which at least half was required to satisfy legacies and to pay debts and expenses.

When the matter was brought to a point, the Walloon Dominicans would not dispose of their College at Douay; nor was this a matter of much regret, for in any war of France against Spain or Austria when dominant over Belgium, great difficulties would have arisen between the Flemish Convent of Bornhem and its French College at Douay. Some other place in the Low Countries had to be selected, and the Master-General of the Order, when he appointed the Prior of Bornhem, F. Raymund Greene, to be Vicar over the houses in Belgium, during the residence of the Provincial in England, commissioned him, September 10th, 1695, to treat with one of the Fathers of Antwerp for the erection of the College there. But such was the hostile spirit of the Belgian Government against all Religious Orders, that neither in that

city, nor within the walls of any town of note, was it possible to make such an alien establishment. The scheme for erecting a collegiate building close to the Convent of Bornhem was beset with obstacles which could not be overcome. At last, however, after long trouble, wearisome and vexatious delays, importunity surmounted opposition, and a foundation in connexion with the University of Louvain was permitted by the State and civic authorities.

The formation and support of the new Collegiate Community was a matter of anxious discussion. To establish a third house seemed to some, who looked not beyond existing resources, to be out of the means of a poverty-stricken Province. The malaria of Rome, too, had been fatal or ruinous to several of the Religious. The Provincial, F. Edward Bing, unfortunately bending to the opinion of F. Dominic Williams, a talented but young Religious, despite the opposition and better counsel of older members of the Province, made such representations that the authorities in Rome acquiesced in his decision to abandon the Roman Convent; although such a step rendered it necessary to unite the studies of the Order and those of the Mission in one establishment.

In 1696 the removal of the Community from SS. Giovanni e Paolo into Belgium was begun, the Fathers being assigned to Bornhem, and the students to Louvain. F. Dominic Williams was empowered by the Master-General, October 22nd, to hear the confessions of his companions, except those in charge of the Novice Master, during their journey to Bornhem. F. Gilbert Parker was remitted, November 10th, to the same destination, to be at the disposal of his Provincial. A few Religious remained behind for some months. F. Thomas Molineux was sent to his Provincial, July 14th, in the following year; and when F. Thomas Worthington and F. Thomas Dryden, being the last to quit, were assigned into Belgium, November 16th, they were charged by the Master-General to make the formal

surrender of the house to the Sovereign Pontiff. The error of abandoning the metropolis of Christianity was soon fully acknowledged and lamented, and in 1721 and 1724 strenuous efforts were made to repair the loss ; but Pope Benedict XIII., reminding F. Dominic Williams that he had been the cause, effectually put a stop to the application. The church and convent were given by Pope Clement XI. to the Fathers of the Mission of St. Vincent of Paul ; and by Pope Clement XIV., in 1773, to the Congregation of the Passionists, who still possess it. Our diligent search throughout the church, in January, 1882, showed that, though five Dominican Religious were buried here, no marks of their tombs exist ; and the assurance of two Passionist Fathers that no traces exist within the cloister and grounds, makes it certain that the campanile restored by Cardinal Howard is the only local memorial that the English Friars once flourished here.

RAYMUND PALMER, O.P.

(To be continued.)

The Collegian.

CATHOLIC COL-
LEGES AND
LONDON UNI-
VERSITY.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the Exhibition Days, which I shall chronicle below, the news has been published of the successes at London University Matriculation won by Catholic Colleges. St. Mary's College, Woolhampton, comes forward with the best of the honour; for though from this school not more than three boys passed, two of these were in honours, and one, G. E. Bailey, took a sixth place with the third prize of £10. B. V. Miller, from the same College, took an eleventh place, and there was only one—he an Edmundian—who from all other Catholic Colleges succeeded in securing a place in honours. Ushaw, as usual, in point of numbers, brought more than any other College through with victory; and, indeed, I believe that this year the whole class of Poetry went up for the Examination, and succeeded every man in passing—to be ranked among events without a precedent. For the rest, Stonyhurst has passed six, and the following table, which has been published, may show more securely than words the different proportions of successes among competing Colleges:

	Honours.	First Division.	Second Division.	Total.		
St. Mary's, Woolhampton.....	2	...	1	...	3	
St. Edmund's, Ware	1	...	1	...	2	
Oscott and University College	...	1	1	
Oscott and Ramsgate	1	...	1	
St. Edward's, Liverpool.....	...	3	3	
Beaumont	2	...	1	...	3
Mount St. Mary's	1	...	1	...	2
Downside.....	...	2	...	3	...	5
St. Wilfrid's, Cotton	1	1
Ushaw	9	9

	Honours	First Division	Second Division	Total
Tooting and Private Study	1	...	1
Hammersmith Training Col- lege and Private Study	1	...	1
Tooting.....	2	2
St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool	...	2	1	3
Salford Grammar School	1	...	1
St. Charles's, Notting Hill	1	...	1
Stonyhurst	3	3	6
Stonyhurst and Private Tuition	...	1	...	1
Catholic Grammar School, Preston.....	3	3
Catholic Grammar School, Preston, University College, and Private Study	1	1
St. George's, Weybridge, and Private Tuition	1	1
	3	31	17	51

A SOLEMN
TRIDUO.

AT the Oratory School, Edgbaston, a solemn *triduo* in honour of the new Oratorian *beato*, Blessed Giovenale Ancina, was celebrated on the Friday, Saturday, and Sunday previous to the Exhibition Day. The church was nobly decorated with flowers and plants, the pillars blazed with red, and the sanctuary shone with yellow and white. Cardinal Newman was able to be present at the High Mass on the first day as on the Sunday, and was attended with all the due ceremony, blessing the people with the relic by way of opening the celebration. The Bishop of Birmingham sang Pontifical High Mass on the Sunday, and was attended by a *Capellano* and *Gentiluomo*, in the true Roman style.

"ANDRIA" AT
EDGBASTON.

ON the Tuesday the Latin Play—unique in the classic care of its details and spirit—which this year was the "Andria," was acted by boys, among whom the characters were thus distributed:—Prologue, Southwell; Simo, Boland; Sosia, Elmsley, senr.; Davus, Mathew; Mysis, Higgins, senr.; Pamphilus, Feilding;

Charinus, Fox, senr.; Byrrhia, Vaughan, sec.; Lesbia, Agostini; Chremes, Sidgreaves; Crito, Vaughan, senr.; Dromo, Shillingford. Mathew is voted to have been particularly good as Davus; and Feilding's Pamphilus, says one correspondent, "gave the peculiar pathos of the part, always so difficult to render, with remarkable power." Cardinal Newman was present at the play, and appeared to be in exceedingly good health. In the match between Past and Present, though I suppose it must be called a draw, since the Present did not finish their innings, the draw was so emphatically in favour of the Past—Father Edward Pereira's score being almost a work of art—that the Past may be said to have won the day.

AT
AMPLEFORTH. THE BISHOP OF NEWPORT AND MENEVIA did honour to his *Alma Mater* by coming to Ampleforth for the celebration of the Exhibition Day. There were many visitors, clerical and lay, monastic and secular, and at the distribution of prizes Father Burge took the chair. He deplored that the grim influenza had also taken up its abode at Ampleforth, and at one time had been the cause of manifold inconveniences. But that had passed, and taking it all in all not much harm had been done, and the boys were making satisfactory progress. Bishop Hedley also spoke in words of congratulation, and in rebuke of "cramming." In the evening the annual meeting of the Ampleforth Society was held, the principal object in life of which excellent body is announced as being:—(1.) To unite past students and friends of St. Lawrence's in furthering the interests of the College. (2.) By meeting from year to year at Midsummer to keep alive amongst the past students a spirit of affection for their *Alma Mater*, and of goodwill towards each other. (3.) To stimulate a spirit of emulation amongst the students by annually providing certain prizes for their competition—all of which things, let us hope, were well kept in hand.

SHAKSPERE
AND PRIZES AT
OLD HALL.

AT Old Hall more than a hundred visitors assembled to hold high festivity on the same occasion. In the Big Study Place at the end of the long cloister the Exhibition was held, and the distribution of prizes had its colour picked out by some very accurate singing of glees, under the direction of the Rev. C. Shepherd, while scenes from Shakspeare were played, under the direction of the Rev. E. Watson. Among the prize-winners I must not omit mention of Francis Ross, who, taking off all prizes possible in the class of Rhetoric, was the only Catholic, besides the two from Woolhampton of whom I have spoken, who took honours at this year's Matriculation. One other Edmundian, Donlevy, passed the examination in First Class. After the distribution, the President read a letter from the Cardinal Archbishop, who regretted his absence from St. Edmund's that day. Nothing but the weight of his eighty-two years and impaired health would have prevented his being with them on such an occasion. Also he thanked the professors and students for the efficient way in which they had performed their duties. The Bishop of Emmaus, who was greeted with loud and popular applause, gave voice to the great pleasure it gave him to be present.

VISITORS AT
TOOTING.

THE accounts of the Exhibition Day at Tooting which I have received do not err on the side of prolixity, but one notable feature in its regard is that no less than six hundred visitors gathered there for the celebration. The programme was a brief one, and was rapidly performed, one act from Molière being conspicuous for good acting. A late President of St. Edmund's distributed the prizes, the chief honours being carried off by the four students who, during the year, have been successful at London Matriculation.

A COMMERCIAL COLLEGE. **A**T St. Bede's the chief event of the Exhibition Day was the speech of the Bishop of Salford in praise of commercial education.

Since St. Bede's had started on its modern programme of education, said he, the London Chamber of Commerce had drawn out a syllabus of studies extending over six years. This programme had been accepted by the aggregated Chambers of Commerce, and St. Bede's was the first College to adopt it in its entirety. Two examiners had been sent down from London, and they had passed nearly the whole of last week in the College examining every student in all that he knew. The examination of the numerous papers had taken the examiners a longer time than they had expected; the results were, therefore, still unknown; but high satisfaction had been expressed with the oral examination, especially with that in French and German. It had also been said that if the thoroughness of the modern education given in St. Bede's was widely known among Catholics it would certainly prove very attractive. The system which had been commenced by St. Bede's twelve or fourteen years ago was now attracting increased attention. He was strongly of opinion that English Catholics were a great deal too conservative in their educational traditions. He believed that if they were to take their place in the nation they must keep abreast, or rather lead, in the modern system of equipment for commercial and professional life. He believed that St. Bede's, with its school at Bonn, had a great future, and that the work they were doing would be recognised widely within a few years by the Catholics of England. They had now a larger number of English boys than the College had ever possessed, though the number was not large. The Rector had refused to receive over twenty-five foreign students who had applied for admission during the past year. He had done wisely to lay down as a rule to receive no foreign students but such as were of tender age; and this for two reasons: first, unless the boys came to St. Bede's at from eight to ten years of age, they were unable to follow the graduated course which the College had adopted and was determined not to part from; and then it had been found that foreigners who had formed their habits and characters elsewhere were rarely able to conform to the system and tone of St. Bede's College. As to the studies, about eight hours a week are given to each of the modern languages taught;

and great pains are bestowed upon handwriting, drawing, science, and mathematics, including mental arithmetic :
—with which St. Bede's may be left to its fate.

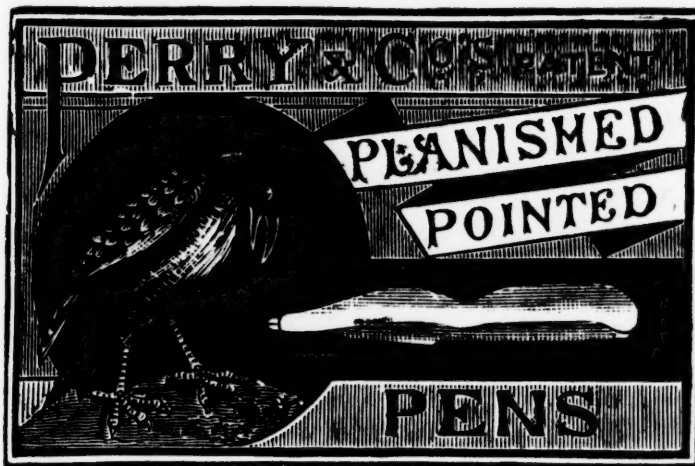
SOME RESULTS. **W**ITH the account of these Exhibition Days I must content myself. Stonyhurst, Ushaw, and others, at the time of writing this, had not yet held their final function of the year. In attempting, even, to sum up any general results of the collegiate year, one is met at the outset by the impossibility of knowing any of the real results which have taken place on the inside of all the college walls of England and Scotland, from the highest class downwards. And I have so often lamented the impossibility of discussing the values of results on the limited knowledge of the success of one class *per annum* at the University, that I really cannot see that I am called upon to make any such criticism now. I therefore speak of the University result as an absolute. It is bad. St. Mary's, Woolhampton, as I have said above, deserves all praise ; and the other Colleges, in the face of difficulties of which the outsider is by no means cognisant, have probably done as well as they expected. But the net result, looking down on it solely from the moon, is poor. When I remember that five Catholics took places one year in the first eight of honours, even in the moon I begin to blush. I shall now be told that very few passed in honours in all England ; but my answer is that though only eight had passed in honours in the year of which I have spoken, five Catholics would yet have been in that list. What compensations there may be I do not know, and I am very ready to believe there are many ; the Colleges of Catholic England have traditions so secure that in the face of an entire blank at London University I should hotly argue that they had done well.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

An admirer of Cardinal Newman has here brought together, for the benefit of readers who have not files of the Catholic newspapers for the last forty years, the reports therein given, from time to time, of occurrences of interest in the life of the Cardinal, and of addresses delivered by him in connexion with them. Pains have been taken to correct obvious blunders of the reporter and the printer; also to add such notes as seemed needed in explanation. But no claim is made for such accuracy as belongs to the publication of reports made under the auspices of the speaker or of his representatives. These are merely newspaper gleanings; but, even so, they will be welcome to many in a form handier than that of some twenty unwieldy volumes. Nor is any apology needed at such a time for reprinting what is part and parcel of the history of the Church in England during forty years.

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JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN.

SAYINGS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

A COLLECTION OF

*Speeches and Sermons delivered by HIS EMINENCE
on occasions of interest during his Catholic life.*

ABOUT POETRY.

*In a lecture delivered, in 1849, at St. Chad's Schools,
Birmingham, "on the Characteristics of Poetry,"*

DR. NEWMAN began by saying that to speak of so difficult and so large a subject as poetry was an effort of ambition ; for when persons came to consider what poetry was, and what a poet was, there were so many different opinions that it was very difficult to decide between them. Again, it seemed as if some authority were wanting for speaking of poetry at all, for many persons now considered that poetry was a thing of a former, a bygone age, and thought that the useful arts ought now alone to be pursued. For those who had pursued the useful arts it would be absurd not to entertain the highest reverence. But the useful arts did not cultivate the mind. This was the province of literature, of poetry, and of criticism ; these refined the mind by making it what it was not before, and thus obviated the distinction between the higher and the lower classes ; for now anyone might secure the advantages of intellectual attainments, which had been formerly confined to those who had had what was called a liberal education. After all, however, the useful arts were so necessary and profitable, that they still held sway ; but when a man had mastered their elements, he put aside the books from which he had gleaned the information, he might, indeed, even sell them. There was no inclination to repeat their tasks, unless for the sake of perfection ; there was

in them no attractive beauty ; they were merely the teachers of the principles of his employment. Now poetry always delighted, for poetry was the science of the beautiful. A book of poetry was one they would never part with, for it might be read with pleasure again and again. It was, emphatically, the beautiful which refined and cultivated the mind ; and by long contemplation of beauty, the mind itself, so to speak, became beautiful in the process. The question with the poet was not whether what he treated of was true or consistent, so far as reasoning went, but whether it was beautiful. The poet's province was to colour objects ; others coloured objects, too, but the poet coloured them with loveliness. Wordsworth had asserted that a child was the only true poet, and had pictured in one of his poems a child with all the poetry of childhood thrown around him, yet gradually losing these associations as he grew older, until when he arrived at manhood he became a mere ordinary mortal. The lecturer then proceeded to show how much poetry the active mind of the poet threw around common things ; quoting, as illustrations, the description of the life of a good physician in one of Fouqué's works, and Goldsmith's beautiful and well-known description of an ale-house. The latter he powerfully contrasted with Wilkie's picture of the "Village Festival," in which the coarse, rough, yet true features of the scene were too faithfully rendered. This difference arose from the fact that while Goldsmith described a common object in beautiful terms, Wilkie, who had nothing poetical in him, merely gave us a literal transcript of the object itself. Wilkie took things from the life, but there was no new life cast over them ; all his works were true, but none of them were beautiful. This would be seen from his portraits, which were frequently so true as to appear mere caricatures. They were utterly destitute of that higher dignity which a great master, who was possessed of poetical feelings, imparted to his portraits. He was now about to speak of Milton. In his greatest work, the "Paradise Lost" (of which, though they might not remember its details, the magnificent framework yet remained present to their minds), he had, unfortunately, as was truly remarked by Dryden, made Satan not only his principal character, but actually his hero. The poetry of Milton's mind had made the evil spirits beautiful, and this was wrong, and even dangerous, as wherever evil was poetised it was a dangerous departure from truth, not only theological and religious, but even moral. This principle was exemplified in Byron's "Cain," where the character of the first

murderer had been made an attractive one; and when Byron was censured for this, he defended himself by the example of Milton, who had made Satan poetical. Dr. Newman here read Milton's descriptions of Satan and Beelzebub, observing that so long as pride might be made seductive by the poet, so long also would there be poetry evil in its tendencies, in which the worst vices might be poetised. Still, this only proved his assertion that poetry was the perception, and the poetical art was the expression, of the beautiful; for vice could be rendered attractive in poetry solely by enduing it with some of the attributes of beauty. Into the definition of beauty he would not then enter, but he would content himself with mentioning a few principal points which beauty must comprise. The first principle was harmony; nothing eccentric could be beautiful—nothing extravagant, out of the way, or far-fetched. Proportion was another characteristic; for if one object was made too prominent the effect would be similar to that of the principal figure of a fine group cast forward in shadow by the sun—it would become grotesque. Pomposity was, too, very destructive of poetry. This was the great fault of Byron. A higher measure of justice than was usually shown on earth also marked poetical beauty. They had all heard of poetic justice, and this simply meant that matters were more evenly balanced in poetry than in human life; for poetry mainly consisting of tales, they generally found the good rewarded and the evil punished at the conclusion of the story. This principle would militate against tragedies, which, by terminating with horrors, violated the idea of poetical justice. A peculiarly painful instance of this was the tragedy of "Titus Andronicus," ascribed (though he believed falsely) to Shakspeare. The effects of poetry were to move the affections; for what was the effect of loveliness itself, but to move the affections? It was the view of the beauty of the Supreme Being that excited the affections and constituted the happiness of the Saints, and all things good and fair were but reflections of the fairness of God. They might recollect the charming line in the "Merchant of Venice," uttered by Jessica, when seated by moonlight in the garden at Belmont:

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Here music was the poetry, and stirred the affection which produced the result of pleasing melancholy. In Southey's "Thalaba" an exquisite episode was formed by the story of a witch who had not so totally given herself over to the power of

the evil spirits but that she had a principle of recovery within her. She was represented as going from her dwelling out into the silent night ; and the calm, still beauty of everything around her—the sky, the stars, the whole face of nature—gave her the first principle of repentance, and became to her the instrument of conversion. There were two kinds of great poets, by whom poetry was exercised on two themes—on nature and on man. By nature, he meant the physical creation ; by man, all that related to the human race. If they took the two great poets of antiquity, Homer and Virgil, they would see that Virgil was the poet of nature, Homer of man. In our own day, Wordsworth was a true poet of nature, Southey was a poet of society. They might call Wordsworth a philosopher, but no one would call Walter Scott's poetry philosophical ; and even if they called Shakspeare a philosopher, it would only be for his deep knowledge of human nature. In short, the poets of nature were philosophers ; the poets of society were men of the world and men of action, and necessarily men of deep acquaintance with the varying phases of human character. In Scott's delineation of the White Lady of Avenel, in his novel of "The Monastery," they had an instance of a poet of society trenching upon the province of a poet of nature, and, as might be expected, making a complete failure. The idea of the White Lady was borrowed from Fouqué's "Undine," but Scott was unable to preserve the German idea in its spiritual form. From what he had said, it was plain that all colouring was not truly poetical. Nature might be looked at in many different aspects. Thus the naturalist would regard a natural object simply as holding a certain position in the economy of the universe ; the geologist would deduce from its presence the existence of certain states of being ; the physician would treat it simply as regarded its medicinal powers ; while the painter would look to it as presenting some new phase of beauty. Thus things might be closely treated of, and highly coloured, without poetry. Crabbe taught us that accuracy of description was not poetry, for his descriptions, though remarkably life-like and accurate, were yet far removed from beauty. The Hindu mythology sufficiently showed that the mere monstrosity of greatness was not poetical—it possessed vastness without sublimity, for sublimity was nothing more than that amount of vastness which was compatible with beauty. The great ingredient of poetry, without which, indeed, it could not exist, was

imagination, but there was much imagination which was un-beautiful. This again was a fault of Byron, whose imagination constantly led him into misanthropy; whereas true poetry partook of gentleness, simplicity, sweetness, and even playfulness; nay, melancholy might exist, but never misanthropy.

ON RECEIVING A BATCH OF CONVERTS FROM
ANGLICANISM.

Sermon preached at St. Ann's, Leeds, in 1851, at the reception into the Church of the Rev. Richard Ward, late Vicar of St. Saviour's, Leeds; the Rev. Thomas Minster, late Vicar of St. Saviour's; the Revv. J. C. L. Crawley, S. Rooke, and Coombes, all Curates of St. Saviour's; the Rev. W. H. Lewthwaite, Incumbent of Clifford, near Tadcaster; the Rev. W. Neville, Manager of St. Saviour's Orphanage; and fourteen lay persons.

ADDRESSING those present as dear friends and brethren, DR. NEWMAN said this was no time for putting into order any thoughts which might be in his mind; nor, indeed, was it necessary, nor would they wish it. What they wished rather was that he should speak out of the fulness of his heart and there leave the matter. Because what was it that they who had that day been brought into the Catholic Church had received? They had received day for night, light for twilight, peace for warfare. There was not a change so great as that which took place from the state of doubt and confusion and misery in which the soul was, external to the Catholic Church, to that peace which it found when it came into it. They knew it was said there is a silence which can be heard, which can be felt. Anyone who had been at sea, and who had for days and nights heard the billows beating at the sides of the vessel, and then came into port, knew what a strange stillness it was when the continued noise of the billows had ceased. When a bell stopped there was a kind of fulness of silence which was most grateful from the contrast. So it was in comparing the tumult and irritation of mind, which they felt in their long seeking for peace, with the joy experienced when they had found it. It was the rich reward of their long anxieties. Those who did not care whether they were right or wrong, those who thought they were right, those who had a dead conscience—they had no anxiety; but it was when a ray of light

came, it was when a wounded conscience stung them, it was when they had a misgiving that they were where they should not be—it was then that the warfare began. They had a feeling of duty and wished to do that duty, but they did not know where it lay. Sometimes they thought it lay this way, sometimes that way; and then the voices of friends came and overpersuaded them, and they were driven back; so that one way and another they were in a most miserable condition. It was partly, certainly, their own fault. It was the fault of all of them, doubtless, who had been external to the Catholic Church, that they did not enter it sooner, because if they had had a fuller determination to follow God's will doubtless they would have found it sooner. But Almighty God knew what they were made of, and He mercifully led them on by first one grace and then another, till they were brought nearer and nearer to that haven where they would be. But though they might be getting nearer they did not know where they stood. Others might see they were getting nearer, but to themselves they seemed to be drifted about, tossed up and down by the waves, and there seemed no hope. It often happened that when persons were near the shore they were amongst billows more alarming and more dangerous, because Satan blew the billows more fiercely in order to drown those who were near safety; and they knew that frequently in cases of shipwreck when those who fell into the water were endeavouring to reach the land something happened to carry them off. So it was in like manner that poor souls who were making towards that land where they wished to be might be seen going on gradually and gradually towards the shore, and it might be prophesied—humbly, but still prophesied—that they would be landed safe, and alas! when they were about to land, suddenly they drifted off; they perished, and it was not known what became of them. It was only known that they were not landed on the beach of the Catholic Church. But the Catholics present had all cause for rejoicing that to those to whom God's mercy had been shown that day it had not so happened. They had put themselves into God's hands, and God had brought them into that haven which they had sought. And now on this day they thanked God, as they well might, that He had, in His grace, received them safe. He had brought them within the fold of His Church, He had encompassed them with His everlasting armour, had shielded them from the enemy, and he trusted that they had now got a gift they would never lose; that they were now in a state from

which they would never fall, and, through God's mercy, having long sought, having at last found, they would go on from strength to strength, grace to grace, doing more and more in His service, and whatever might be their trials, still they would persevere to the end, and die in the Faith, and so would be brought, through the blood and merits of Jesus Christ, to the land of glory in eternity. What a time was this, that such a thing should take place in it! What did they see? They saw the evil spirit stirred up from the four winds. They saw he was blowing from the four quarters of Heaven upon this land, to make the waves of the people rise against the Catholic Church. They might say, "This is not the time for the Catholic Church to triumph." But it was the time. Man's necessity was God's opportunity. The darker the day was, the brighter God's light came. Did they not know it was the property of the truth of God to advance against wind and tide in the most rapid way? It advanced against all the billows because it was divine—it was supernatural. That was the property of the truth of God, and, therefore, just at this season, when men were most furious against them, when they told all manner of lies and falsehoods against them—because Christ was with them when men were so inflamed against them, it was the very time for them to expect triumphs. The world could not conquer: it was impossible. No, they would see, as time went on, that all those things which now looked so black and unpromising would turn to the glory and the salvation of the Catholic Church. If men were called to do that which he did not think they meant to do—persecute the Catholics—it would not hurt them. Did they not know, in the three first centuries of Christianity, that the martyrs went through so much for Christianity that it was said the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church? So was it now. Supposing men were mad enough to inflict chains and imprisonment upon them, it would only increase the spread of truth. Of course, it was unpleasant to live in the continued anxiety which all this tumult and opposition created. Catholics did not like to be taken from their usual occupations. Catholics did not like to be taken from their usual religious ceremonies. Bishops did not like to be taken from their flocks. They wished for peace. They wished for peace for the good of the world and for the good of their flocks internally. But would this state of warfare diminish the Church? No; it would increase it. Not a day passed but souls were received into the heart of the Catholic Church. Sometimes they might be high, sometimes

they might be low, but the work could not be stopped. They recollected what Gamaliel said in the days of the Apostles. He said if the work was of man it would come to naught, but if it was of God it would go on, and they must take care they did not fight against it. So was it now. Here they were in the nineteenth century after Christ came into the world, and yet what was said by Gamaliel, 1,800 years ago, was fulfilled now. If this work was of man it would fall to naught. How was it that this work had gone on for 1,800 years, and now seemed more strong and flourishing for all the opposition which had existed against it? How was it that the Protestants were in such perplexity? Why, they had seen the Holy Father the Pope driven from Rome and obliged to take refuge elsewhere; they had seen him persecuted by his own people, and had said, "Here is a poor creature; he can do nothing." Catholics took them at their word. It was true the Pope was not strong in this world, and yet was strong; he suspected his strength must come, not from this, but from some other world, and he suspected it was from the throne of God. The words of Gamaliel were fulfilled. If the work was of man it would come to naught. It had not come to naught, and therefore it was not of man, but of God. He looked upon the converts present as specimens of this great miracle which is going on continually, this miracle of conversion of souls in spite of the opposition of the world. Every soul that was converted to God was converted by a miracle: it was a supernatural work which no power of man could do. It was a work of grace. It could not be worldly inducements which brought men into the Catholic Church, since they gained no riches, no honours, no praise from the mouths of men; but, on the contrary, they were reviled and called names. They gained nothing of this world. It was nothing, then, but a supernatural might which brought them in: it was nothing but the grace of God, seeing those things which the world could not see, and having a desire after those things which the world could not desire. That was the great distinction between the Catholic Church and every other body. Every other body depended upon the world. Take away its worldly support and it goes. There was no Protestant who would not grant, when he came to think, that the Church of England, for instance, would go to pieces directly the temporal support was taken away. It was impossible that it could stand. Protestants knew that very well. All the most sagacious knew it well. He recollected perfectly well, several

years ago, a person in authority in the Church of England gave out a charge. What did he say? "The State is a very bad mistress, but we must put ourselves under its protection, and surrender ourselves to it, because we cannot get a better. It was once thought reason and intellect would help the Protestants against the Catholics; but we find it is not so. We find the cleverest men become Catholics. It was said that learning, talent, and genius would leave the Catholics, but it was not so. Light, learning, talent, and genius, all go towards the Catholic Church. Well, then nothing is left to us. Let us cling to the State because we cannot do anything better. Our only hope is a worldly hope; our only hope is in the arm of flesh, because we can find nothing better." Of course, those were not the very words, but the sentiment was nowise exaggerated. It was an honest and true sentiment, though it was very plain to come from a member of the Church of England. It was certain, if the protection of the State were taken from the Church of England it would crumble to pieces. Nothing would be left. It had no unity, no stability, no solidity, no existence, but in the power of the State. How different was the Catholic Church. The State did all it could against it, but it could not destroy it. Here was the State doing all it could against the Catholic Church, and yet the Catholic Church was growing in influence in the country. In spite of the State's having done so much for the Church of England, and so much against the Catholic Church, still, when this poor old man, whom they professed to despise, living two thousand miles off, put out a bit of paper naming certain Bishops of England, the Church of England could not bear the shadow of his hand going over the country. He wrote a few words, the shadow of his hand went over the country, and the whole country was in commotion. The true Vicar of Christ, two thousand miles distant, put into confusion this great country. Could there be a better triumph for all of them than this fact? Their enemies and the inhabitants of their country (part were not their enemies) could not bear the very whisper of the Vicar of Christ in relation to this country; and in spite of all the greatness of the Church of England, they saw it was merely worldly, while the Catholic Church, not standing upon worldly power, rose up by an unseen power, a power which every arm of flesh feared. The State Church feared it, because it knew that it was of earth, and that the Church of God came from Heaven. It was to the preacher an affecting thing that he should be there on that occasion,

speaking to them, because whom was it they had received into the Catholic Church that day? Why, it was the first of a portion of a special congregation of the Church of England, of a district or parish of the Church of England, which was created under remarkable circumstances—to him especially so. They knew he was not always a Catholic. It was some years ago the grace of God made him a Catholic, and on the very day of his conversion what was taking place in this town? Why, the very day when he was being led, as he trusted and believed by the grace of God, to embrace the Faith of the Church of Christ—that was the very time the Church of St. Saviour was opened. It was opened, if he recollected rightly, with a long devotional service which lasted many days, and when that was taking place here he was being received into the Catholic Church 150 miles away. Therefore it was to him a circumstance of especial interest just at this moment, now he was thrown back to the period of his own conversion, to see in the event of this day a sort of reward of what God led him to do then, that he had been the instrument in part of doing what had been done now. How or when it was that those favoured souls who had that day been made members of the Catholic Church were led by the grace of God towards the Catholic Church, he knew not; but as regarded himself, he felt that they had wished him to come as a kind of witness to receive them, because there was this remarkable connexion between St. Saviour's Church being opened and his own conversion. Then it was that that was begun which now had its end, and they saw in this another illustration of the want of stability of everything in the Church of England. There had been a church—he meant St. Saviour's—opened with how much of pious feeling, with how many sincere aspirations, with how many ready offerings to Almighty God! What sums of money had been expended upon that church. It had been the work of persons who in their hearts believed, in doing what they did, they were making an offering, not to the work of man, but to the Catholic church. They were mistaken in thinking so, but they brought their offerings. They did not act with a half liberality, but, bringing treasure by handfuls, they gave it for the erection of a church which they hoped would be a Catholic church. They adorned it, enriched it, and what had become of all those hopes which began six years ago? Why, had they not vanished into empty air? They saw that the church which they built had turned out to be nothing at all; and after a trial of six years there was that remarkable truth which came to him

six years ago, that the Church of England was a mere shade, that it had no substance. Here was this trial which they saw had come to naught. There were piety, devotion, sincerity, earnestness—persons who would devote themselves earnestly to God ; but alas ! they built up the mere creation of this world, which would not last. It was coming to naught, and what had been the case here would be the case all over in the Church of England but for the power of the State. It was the power of the State which alone kept anything in its place in the Church of England. Not so with the Catholic Church. Merely sitting still, ordering its own work silently, it had attracted educated members of the Church of England to it. It was a burning and a shining light, and it preached to the people directly by its example. After some further observations, Dr. Newman begged the prayers of the Catholics present for those who had been received into the Church on that day and some days previously. He begged their prayers that the work begun might go on spreading and increasing daily, till all those were brought into the fold of Christ that ought to belong to it—that all those to whom God had given grace might have the veil taken from their eyes. He asked their prayers also—for prayer was omnipotent—that all those who had anything to do with the erection of St. Saviour's Church might be brought to the light of truth. They could not undo what they had done. St. Saviour's Church, so called, was given up to the Protestants, and there was an end of it. They had given it over to the State. They could not undo their own work ; but it would be a great thing for all of them, while they felt that they could not undo much that they had done, that at least they could save their own souls, and show their earnestness by retracing their steps as far as they could. He begged them to pray that every one of the earnest persons who preached sermons at the opening of St. Saviour's Church might be brought into the fold of Christ ; that all those who had hung upon their words might be brought fully to the truth ; that those who, to some extent, had been nursing fathers to the Catholic Church, though they knew it not, might be brought in ; and that every one who had been instrumental in the spread of Catholic doctrines in England, though they knew it not, might be brought into the Catholic Church. Finally, Dr. Newman asked his Catholic hearers to pray for himself, that he might be enabled to do his share in the work which had been begun.

ACCEPTING FIRST PRAISE.

At a crowded meeting held on September 8th, 1851, at the Corn Exchange, Birmingham, Bishop Ullathorne publicly thanked Dr. Newman for his course of nine lectures on "The Present Position of Catholics in England." In reply,

DR. NEWMAN said he knew perfectly well that he ought to look for praise to God alone; but he thought the present was an exceptional case, and he therefore took what had been said—and with all humility he would say it—as an act of God's love towards him. It was a curious thing for him to say, though he was now of mature age, and had been very busy in many ways, yet this was the first time in his life that he had ever received any praise. He had been in other places and done work elsewhere, before being a Catholic, but there was no response, no sympathy; it was not the fault of the people, for they could not respond. Some instruments could only make beautiful music, and some, from their very nature, could only make a noise. So it was with such a body as that to which he once belonged: they could only make a noise—no echo, no response, no beautiful music. But it was quite different when a man entered the Catholic Church. In conclusion, he entreated the prayers of those who heard him, as it was only the prayers of Catholics which could sustain him on this troubled ocean to that shore which they all hoped to reach through God's blessing.*

ON RELINQUISHING THE RECTORSHIP OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND.

To the Vice-Rector, Professors, and Officers of the Catholic University of Ireland, in reply to an address which they had presented at Christmas, 1859—an address which bears, among many others, the signatures of John O'Hagan, B.A., Robert Ornsby, M.A., Thomas Arnold, B.A., Le Page Renouf, T. W. Allies, Aubrey de Vere, J. H. Pollen, M.A., and W. H. Anderdon, M.A.—Dr. Newman said:

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I am deeply grateful to you for the address which you have sent me. It comes to me on the last day of the

* The *Tablet* of July 5th, 1851, records that Dr. Newman delivered "the first of a series of lectures on 'The State of Catholics in England' in the Corn Exchange, High Street, Birmingham. The public were admitted by ticket; and among those present was the Rev. H. E. Manning (late Archdeacon)." Dr. Newman, who wore the habit of his Order, and was received with prolonged applause, read his lecture, and remained seated. The sixth lecture was attended by "several gentlemen from London, including Mr. J. L. Patterson," now Bishop of Emmaus.

year, and is a most acceptable and encouraging termination of it. The highest among the earthly rewards of exertion in any cause is to succeed in winning the approbation and attachment of fellow-labourers, who are our nearest witnesses and best qualified judges, as it is the first of trials to disappoint or displease them. You have given me this special gratification. I rather am the party who ought to make acknowledgments, remembering, as I do, so many instances of the heartiness and self-denying earnestness with which you supported me in the anxious work which brought us together. And I have to ask you to forgive my many shortcomings, excusing me, moreover, for venturing to commence what I avowed at the same time that I could not carry through, and making allowances for the imperfection of plans, which from the nature of the case, were but tentative and provisional. But to the generosity of your past co-operation you have added the fresh favour of your present affectionate leave-taking; and its expressions are too welcome to admit of my disputing them. I rejoice to know that I have made friends who, whether I see them often or no, will take an interest in whatever may be the will of Providence concerning me in time to come, and whom I may try to repay by remembering in His sight. I rejoice to believe that you represent others, too, known to me and unknown, who, together with you, will bear me in mind as years pass on, and will say a prayer for me when I am taken away. And I rejoice to have in my possession a testimonial, which I can deliver to my brothers here, to be preserved among their records, in honourable memory of the first Superior of this Oratory. And now nothing remains for me but to wish you all the best wishes of this sacred season, and all happy anticipations of the new year, you, and all yours, and the land in which you dwell, that home of warm and affectionate hearts, which, as you truly say, I have wished in my humble measure to serve, believing that in serving Ireland I was serving a country which had tokens in her of an important future and the promise of still greater works than she has yet achieved in the cause of the Catholic faith.

ON THE OCCASION OF WRITING THE "APOLOGIA."

The Clergy assembled at the Diocesan Synod of Birmingham in June, 1864, presented an address with reference to the attack made by Charles Kingsley.

DR. NEWMAN replied as follows: He had in vain attempted to prepare an answer to it from the first time he learned it was the intention of the clergy of the diocese to confer upon him this most undeserved and unexpected honour; but as often as he had tried he had failed, and had at last given up the attempt in despair, and determined to trust to the moment. And now that the moment had come, what could he say except thank them, which he did most sincerely, for the great honour which they were doing him, and which, from the solemnity of the occasion, the sanctity of the place, and the venerable and sacred character of those who were so honouring him in the very presence of his Bishop, was the highest they could confer. They had spoken in their address of the service he had by his late work done to religion, but he must assure them that he did not himself feel that he had any claim to such high praise in the work which had called forth this address; he had but performed a duty which had been thrust upon him by circumstances over which he had no control; if, however, in the vindication of his character he had indirectly done good by lessening prejudices against the Catholic clergy, or the Faith which was so dear to them all, of course he should be very grateful for this result. This, however, was not the way in which he would wish to consider the address (viz., as an acknowledgment of his services to religion); he preferred looking upon it (and he had the greatest pleasure in so looking upon it) as an expression of their warm affection and kindly sympathy towards himself, when they saw he was in trouble. It was, indeed, the greatest comfort and support to him to have their sympathy at the present moment; nor was it the first time they had stood by him when he was in need of their countenance and aid. It had happened to him upon a former occasion to be threatened with a great trial upon the delivery of some lectures in this town, when, on the delivery of the last of those lectures, the clergy, hearing of the trial in which he was likely to be involved, headed by a venerable man whom he always remembered with the greatest reverence and affection, their late Provost, Dr. Weedall, came forward and gave him their support. He said in the last of those lectures that it mattered little what people at a distance

thought of us, if those amongst whom we lived loved and honoured us. Those amongst whom he (Dr. Newman) lived had shown the truth of this remark *then*, and they were confirming its truth *now*. Whatever people who did *not* know him thought of him, he was sure of the affection and esteem of those who did know him. This was a great comfort to him, for although it was our duty to look for comfort principally in the thought of Our Lord and in the prayers of the Saints, yet still it was permitted us to receive consolation from each other, and he deeply thanked them all for the support they had thus given him in this time of trial. And it was this view he took of them as his friends in need, that gave him the right to say that he feared he should disappoint their expectations with regard to his future labours in defence of the truth against the prevailing errors of the day. He felt there were many things which led him to think that the time was not come to speak, and that he was not the man to speak. First, the very errors themselves were so vague, so self-destructive, that if the Church endeavoured to combat them in their present shape she would be like one "who beateth the air," and that perhaps before the armour which was to be used in her defence was forged the difficulties would have destroyed each other. Then the Church moved slowly; in her majestic march she had ever taken time. Four centuries had passed away from her commencement, and though she had great Saints and learned men, she had allowed the calumnies of the world to pass unheeded, till God raised up St. Augustine to answer all objections hitherto urged, and many that should be urged in future ages down to our own time. When the time came, God would raise up such a one to defend the Church's teaching. But now our duty was patience, the Church's business seemed to be to show the world what a devoted clergy could do by spending their lives and energy in missionary labours. Then as to himself, it seemed to him that old age was more for suffering than for action, and thus it was in some sense a beginning of purgatory; and as prayers had so special a power in liberating from purgatory, when a soul could do nothing for itself, he felt that their prayers were the one thing which could do him a service now.

ON CERTAIN ASPERSIONS.

In reply to an influentially signed address of confidence, at a time when certain aspersions were thrown on his name, Dr. Newman, in writing, at the close of 1867, thus addressed the Right Hon. W. Monsell, afterwards Lord Emly :

I ACKNOWLEDGE without delay the honour done me in the memorial addressed to me by so many Catholic noblemen and gentlemen, which you have been the medium of conveying to me. The attacks of opponents are never hard to bear when the person who is the subject of them is conscious to himself that they are undeserved ; but in the present instance I have small cause indeed for pain or regret at this occurrence, since they have at once elicited in my behalf the warm feeling of so many dear friends who know me well, and of so many others whose good opinion is the more impartial, for the very reason that I am not personally known to them. Of such men, whether friends or strangers to me, I would a hundred times rather receive the generous sympathy than have escaped the misrepresentations which are the occasion of their showing it. I rely on you, my dear Monsell, who from long intimacy understand me so well, to make clear to them my deep and lasting gratitude in fuller terms than it is possible within the limits of a formal acknowledgment to express it.

AT THE FUNERAL OF HENRY W. WILBERFORCE.

From the letter of one who was present at the funeral of Mr. Henry Wilberforce at the Dominican Monastery at Woodchester, in 1873 :

DURING the office a venerable figure came quietly up the aisle, and was going meekly to take a place on the chairs at the side ; but H—— saw and took him into the sacristy, whence he soon made his appearance in cassock and cotta in the choir, and was conducted to the Prior's stall, which was vacated for him. This was dear Dr. Newman. He followed the office with them, but after awhile could contain his tears no longer, and buried his face in his handkerchief. At the end of Mass, Father Bertrand said something to Dr. Newman, and, after a little whispering, the venerable man was conducted to the pulpit. For some minutes, however, he was utterly incapable of speaking, and

stood, his face covered with his hands, making vain efforts to master his emotion. I was quite afraid he would have to give it up. At last, however, after two or three attempts, he managed to steady his voice, and to tell us "that he knew him so intimately and loved him so much, that it was almost impossible for him to command himself sufficiently to do what he had been so unexpectedly asked to do, viz., to bid his dear friend farewell. He had known him for fifty years, and though, no doubt, there were some there who knew his goodness better than he did, yet it seemed to him that no one could mourn him more." Then he drew a little outline of his life—of the position of comfort and all "that this world calls good," in which he found himself, and of the prospect of advancement, "if he had been an ambitious man." "Then the word of the Lord came to him, as it did to Abraham of old, to go forth from that pleasant home, and from his friends, and all he held dear, and to become——" here he fairly broke down again, but at last, lifting up his head, finished his sentence—"a fool for Christ's sake." Then he said that he now "committed him to the hands of his Saviour," and he reminded us of "the last hour, and dreadful judgment, which awaited us all, but which his dear brother had safely passed through," and earnestly and sweetly prayed "that every one there present might have a holy and happy death."

ON RECEIVING NOTICE OF HIS ELEVATION TO
THE SACRED COLLEGE.

In reply to the messenger bearing the biglietto from the Cardinal Secretary of State, containing the notice of his elevation to the Cardinalate, whom he received at the house of Cardinal Howard, May 17th, 1879,

CARDINAL NEWMAN said: I ask your permission to continue my address to you, not in your musical language, but in my own dear mother tongue; it is because in the latter I can better express my feelings on this most gracious announcement which you have brought to me than if I attempted what is above me. First of all, then, I am led to speak of the wonder and profound gratitude which came upon me, and which is upon me still, at the condescension and love towards me of the Holy Father in singling me out for so immense an honour. It was a great surprise. Such an elevation had never come into my thoughts, and seemed to

be out of keeping with all my antecedents. I had passed through many trials, but they were over, and now the end of all things had almost come to me and I was at peace. And was it possible that, after all, I had lived through so many years for this? Nor is it easy to see how I could have borne so great a shock had not the Holy Father resolved on a second condescension towards me, which tempered it, and was to all who heard of it a touching evidence of his kindly and generous nature. He felt for me, and he told me the reasons why he raised me to this high position. His act, said he, was a recognition of my zeal and good services for so many years in the Catholic cause. Moreover, he judged it would give pleasure to English Catholics, and even to Protestant England, if I received some mark of his favour. After such gracious words from His Holiness, I should have been insensible and heartless if I had had scruples any longer. This is what he had the kindness to say to me, and what could I want more? In a long course of years I have made many mistakes. I have nothing of that high perfection which belongs to the writings of Saints, namely, that error cannot be found in them; but what I trust I may claim throughout all that I have written is this—an honest intention, an absence of private ends, a temper of obedience, a willingness to be corrected, a dread of error, a desire to serve the Holy Church, and, through the Divine mercy, a fair measure of success. And, I rejoice to say, to one great mischief I have from the first opposed myself. For thirty, forty, fifty years I have resisted, to the best of my powers, the spirit of Liberalism in religion. Never did the Holy Church need champions against it more sorely than now, when, alas! it is an error overspreading as a snare the whole earth; and on this great occasion, when it is natural for one who is in my place to look out upon the world and upon the Holy Church as it is and upon her future, it will not, I hope, be considered out of place if I renew the protest against it which I have so often made. Liberalism in religion is the doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion, but that one creed is as good as another, and this is the teaching which is gaining substance and force daily. It is inconsistent with the recognition of any religion as true. It teaches that all are to be tolerated, as all are matters of opinion. Revealed religion is not a truth, but a sentiment and a taste—not an objective fact, not miraculous; and it is the right of each individual to make it say just what strikes his fancy. Devotion is not necessarily founded on faith. Men may go to Protestant churches and to Catholic,

may get good from both, and belong to neither. They may fraternise together in spiritual thoughts and feelings without having any views at all of doctrine in common or seeing the need of them. Since, then, religion is so personal a peculiarity and so private a possession, we must of necessity ignore it in the intercourse of man with man. If a man puts on a new religion every morning, what is that to you? It is as impertinent to think about a man's religion as about the management of his family. Religion is in no sense the bond of society. Hitherto the civil power has been Christian. Even in countries separated from the Church, as in my own, the *dictum* was in force when I was young that Christianity was the law of the land. Now everywhere that goodly framework of society, which is the creation of Christianity, is throwing off Christianity. The *dictum* to which I have referred, with a hundred others which followed upon it, is gone or is going everywhere, and by the end of the century, unless the Almighty interferes, it will be forgotten. Hitherto it has been considered that religion alone, with its supernatural sanctions, was strong enough to secure the submission of the mass of the population to law and order. Now, philosophers and politicians are bent on satisfying this problem without the aid of Christianity. Instead of the Church's authority and teaching they would substitute, first of all, a universal and a thoroughly secular education, calculated to bring home to every individual that to be orderly, industrious, and sober is his personal interest. Then, for great working principles to take the place of religion for the use of the masses thus carefully educated, they provide the broad, fundamental, ethical truths of justice, benevolence, veracity, and the like, proved experience, and those natural laws which exist and act spontaneously in society and in social matters, whether physical or psychological—for instance, in government, trade, finance, sanitary experiments, the intercourse of nations. As to religion, it is a private luxury which a man may have if he will, but which, of course, he must pay for, and which he must not obtrude upon others or indulge to their annoyance. The general character of this great apostasy is one and the same everywhere, but in detail and in character it varies in different countries. For myself, I would rather speak of it in my own country, which I know. There, I think, it threatens to have a formidable success, though it is not easy to see what will be its ultimate issue. At first sight it might be thought that Englishmen are too religious for a movement which on the Continent seems to be founded on infidelity; but the misfortune with us

is that, though it ends in infidelity, as in other places, it does not necessarily arise out of infidelity. It must be recollected that the religious sects which sprang up in England three centuries ago, and which are so powerful now, have ever been fiercely opposed to the union of Church and State, and would advocate the unchristianising the monarchy and all that belongs to it, under the notion that such a catastrophe would make Christianity much more pure and much more powerful. Next, the liberal principle is forced on us through the necessity of the case. Consider what follows from the very fact of these many sects. They constitute the religion, it is supposed, of half the population; and recollect, our mode of government is popular. Every dozen men taken at random whom you meet in the streets have a share in political power. When you inquire into their forms of belief, perhaps they represent one or other of as many as seven religions. How can they possibly act together in municipal or in national matters if each insists on the recognition of his own religious denomination? All action would be at a deadlock unless the subject of religion were ignored. We cannot help ourselves. And, thirdly, it must be borne in mind that there is much in the liberalistic theory which is good and true; for example, not to say more, the precepts of justice, truthfulness, sobriety, self-command, benevolence, which, as I have already noted, are among its avowed principles. It is not till we find that this array of principles is intended to supersede, to block out, religion, that we pronounce it to be evil. There never was a device of the enemy so cleverly framed and with such promise of success. And already it has answered to the expectations which have been formed of it. It is sweeping into its own ranks great numbers of able, earnest, virtuous men—elderly men of approved antecedents, young men with a career before them. Such is the state of things in England, and it is well that it should be realised by all of us; but it must not be supposed for a moment that I am afraid of it. I lament it deeply, because I foresee that it may be the ruin of many souls; but I have no fear at all that it really can do aught of serious harm to the work of truth, to the Holy Church, to our Almighty King, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, faithful and true, or to His Vicar on earth. Christianity has been too often in what seemed deadly peril, that we should fear for it any new trial now. So far is certain. On the other hand, what is uncertain, and in these great contests commonly is uncertain, and what is commonly a great surprise when it is witnessed, is the particular

mode in the event by which Providence rescues and saves His elect inheritance. Sometimes our enemy is turned into a friend ; sometimes he is despoiled of that special virulence of evil which was so threatening ; sometimes he falls to pieces of himself ; sometimes he does just so much as is beneficial and then is removed. Commonly the Church has nothing more to do than to go on in her own proper duties in confidence and peace, to stand still, and to see the salvation of God. *Mansueti hereditabunt terram et delectabuntur in multitudine pacis.*

ON BEING CONGRATULATED.

Replying to an address read by Lady Herbert of Lea, in Rome, on the occasion of the presentation of a set of vestments, jewelled mitre, and altar candlesticks from the English Colony, in May, 1879, Cardinal Newman said :

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Your affectionate address, introductory to so beautiful a present, I accept as one of those strange favours of Divine Providence which are granted to few. Most men, if they do any good, die without knowing it ; but I call it strange that I should be kept to my present age—an age beyond the age of most men—as if in order that, in this great city, where I am personally almost unknown, I might find kind friends to meet me with an affectionate welcome and to claim me as their spiritual benefactor. The tender condescension to me of the Holy Father has elicited in my behalf, in sympathy with him, a loving acclamation from his faithful children. My dear friends, your present, which while God gives me strength I shall avail myself of in my daily Mass, will be a continual memento in His sight both of your persons and of your several intentions. When my strength fails me for that great action, then in turn I know well that I may rely on your taking up the duty and privilege of intercession, and praying for me that, with the aid of the Blessed Virgin and all Saints, I may persevere in faith, hope, and charity, and in all that grace which is the life of the soul, till the end comes.

ON THE KINDNESS OF IRELAND.

In reply to an address of the Irish members of Parliament, read by Sir J. McKenna, to receive which Cardinal Newman came expressly to London in April, 1879,

HIS EMINENCE said : Gentlemen, this is a great day for me, and it is a day which gives me great pleasure too. It is a pleasure to meet old friends, and it is a pleasure to make new ones. But it is not merely as friends I meet you ; for you are the representatives of a Catholic people. And, therefore, in receiving your congratulations, of course I feel very much touched by your address. But I hope you will not think it strange if I say that I have been surprised too ; because, while it is a great thing to please one's own people, it is still more wonderful to create an interest in a people which is not one's own. I do not think there is any other country which could have treated me so graciously as you have done. It is now nearly thirty years since, with a friend of mine, I first went over to Ireland with a view to that engagement which I afterwards formed there, and during the seven years through which that engagement lasted I had a continued experience of kindness, and nothing but kindness, from all classes of people : from the Hierarchy, from the seculars and regulars, and from the laity, whether in Dublin or in the country. As their first act they helped me in a great trouble in which I was involved. I had put my foot into an unusual legal embarrassment, and it required many thousand pounds to draw me out of it. They took a great share in that work. Nor did they show less kindness at the end of my time. I was obliged to leave Ireland by the necessities of my own Congregation at Birmingham. Everybody can understand what a difficulty it is for a body to be without its head, and I had only engaged for seven years, because otherwise I could not fulfil the charge the Holy Father had put upon me in the Oratory. Not a word of disappointment or unkindness was uttered, when there might have been a feeling that I was relinquishing a work which I had begun. And now I repeat that, to my surprise, at the end of twenty years, I find a silent memory cherished of a person who can only be said to have meant well, though he did little. And now, what return can I make to show my gratitude ? None that is sufficient. But this I can say, that your address will not die with me. I belong to a body which, with God's blessing, will live after me

—the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. The parchment which is the record of your generosity shall be committed to our archives, and shall testify to generations to come the enduring kindness of Irish Catholics towards the founder and first head of the English Oratory.

ON THE PLEASANT CARE OF BOYS.

In reply to an address read by Lord Edmund Talbot on July 21st, 1879, on behalf of the Oratory School Society,

CARDINAL NEWMAN said: I thank you very much for the address of congratulation which you have presented to me on the great dignity to which the Holy Father has raised me. Besides the honour, he has done me this great service, that his condescension has, in God's mercy, been the means of eliciting in my behalf so much kind sympathy, so much deep friendliness, so much sincere goodwill, of which the greater part was till now only silently cherished in the hearts of persons known and unknown to me. I do not mean to say that I did not believe in your affection for me; no, I have had many instances of it. I have rejoiced to know it, and I have been grateful to you for it; but I could not till I read your short and simple words realise its warmth, its depth, and what I may call its volume. Your letter is the best reward, short of supernatural, for much weariness and anxiety in time past. Nothing, indeed, is more pleasant than the care of boys; at the same time nothing involves greater responsibility. A school such as ours is a pastoral charge of the most intimate kind. Most men agree in judging that boys, instead of remaining at home, should be under the care of others at a distance. In order to the due formation of their minds, boys need that moral and intellectual discipline which school alone can give. Their parents, then, make a great sacrifice, and also make an act of supreme confidence, in committing their dear ones to strangers. You see, then, what has made us so anxious, sometimes too anxious—namely, our sense of the great trust committed to us by parents, and our desire to respond faithfully to the duties of that trust, as well as our love for, our interest in, our desire, if so be, to impart a blessing from above upon, their children. No other department of the pastoral office requires such sustained attention and such unwearied services. A confessor, for the most part, knows his

penitents only in the confessional, and perhaps does not know them by sight. A parish priest knows, indeed, the members of his flock individually, but he sees them only from time to time. Day schools are not schools except in school hours, but the superiors in a school such as ours live with their pupils, and see their growth from day to day. They almost see them grow, and they are ever tenderly watching over them that their growth may be in the right direction. You see now why it is that the few words of your address are so great a comfort to me. Yes, they are a definite, formal answer to the questionings, searchings of heart, and anxieties of twenty years. Of course, I know that we have been wonderfully blessed in the set of boys whom we have had to work for—we have had a very good material. Also, I know when you speak so kindly of my personal influence and guidance that this is a reference to more than myself, and that I can only occupy the second or the third place in any success which we can claim. However, if to have desired your best good, if to have prayed for it, if to have given much time and thought towards its attainment deserves your acknowledgment, and has a call on your lasting attachment, I can, without any misgiving of conscience, accept in substance your affectionate language about me. Before concluding my thanks, I must express my great gratification at your splendid gift of vestments, munificent in itself, and most welcome as a lasting memento of July 20th, 1879, and of the address of congratulation with which that gift is accompanied.

ON AN AUDIENCE WITH THE POPE.

Acknowledging the presentation of a monstrance by Lady Alexander Lennox on behalf of the boys at the Oratory School, July 20th, 1879,

CARDINAL NEWMAN said: It is very difficult for me in set words to express the feelings of great gratitude and great gratification which such an address from such persons causes me. I have spoken in the answer I have just made to our late scholars—the members of the Oratory School Society—of the feelings which parents must have when they commit their children either to strangers or to those who at least cannot be so near and dear to them as those parents are themselves. I recollect perfectly well enough of my own childhood to know with what pain a

mother loses her children for the first time, and is separated from them, not knowing for the time what may happen to them. It is, of course, an enormous gratification and a cause of thankfulness, where thanks are due, that I should be—that we should be—so kindly, considerately, and tenderly regarded as we are, and as that address which you have read to me brings out. Concerning our school, it may be pleasant to you to know that the Holy Father at Rome seemed to take great interest in it without my urging it upon him. I brought before him the outline of the history of the Oratory for the last thirty years, and he showed great interest in it, and, I may say, even mastered all I said; and I could see it remained in his mind, for when the time came for me and my friends the Fathers to be presented to him to take leave of him, then, though what I asked for was a blessing upon this house, and upon the house in London, he added of his own will, “And a blessing upon the school.” It was a thing he singled out; and as we have been blessed by the blessing of the holy Pope Pius IX. on the commencement of the Oratory, we may look forward to Divine aid for being guided and prospered in the time to come. I hope you will not measure my sense of your kindness to me by the few words I have spoken, for if I attempted to express my full feelings, I should have to detain you a long time before I came to an end. But loth as I am to detain you with more words, I must not conclude without offering you my best thanks for the magnificent monstrance which you, and others, as mothers of our boys, have had the kindness to present me in memory of my elevation to the Sacred College, or without assuring both you who are here and those whom you represent, how acceptable to us is this token of the interest you take in the past and present of the Oratory.

TO THE ORATORY SCHOOL BOYS.

To a congratulatory address read by Mr. Richard Pope on the same date,

CARDINAL NEWMAN, in reply, said that the tribute of the boys, as the daily witnesses of his more private life, came home to him and touched him exceedingly. After referring in congratulatory terms to those boys who had left the school and gone forward in the career of life, and had fulfilled so well the duties

of their station, the Cardinal concluded as follows: When I think of that, and think of you who are to go into the same world, and fight the same battles as they have done, I have great confidence that you, beginning with such tender feelings towards your teachers, and me especially, will answer all the expectations that we have formed of you, and the wishes that we have for you. I will say no more, but will thank you, and assure you that, as this day will remain in your mind, so it will remain in mine.

ON THE HAPPY CHARACTER OF THE TIME.

To an address from the Chapter of Salford on July 21st, 1879,

CARDINAL NEWMAN replied as follows: In thanking the Chapter of Salford, through you, Monsignor Croskell, its Right Reverend Provost, for your most welcome congratulations on the dignity to which the Supreme Pontiff has graciously raised me, as I most heartily do, I thank you for bringing before the present hearers of your address, and before myself, the very apposite reflection—as regards such success as has attended me in what I have done or have written, whether in point of influence at home, or special and singular recognition on the part of the Holy Father at the centre of Catholicity—how much I owe to the happy character of the time. I myself, thirty or forty years ago, found it impossible to stem the current of popular feeling which was adverse from me, and found that patience and waiting was all that was left for me. But what a trifle of a difficulty was this compared with the real and terrible obstacles which confronted the Catholic champion in England in the sixteenth century. Now our enemies assail us only with gloves—not with gauntlets—and with foils with buttons on, and words that break no bones. Three centuries ago the weapons of controversy were of a deadly character; and how could even the most angelic sanctity, the most profound learning, the most persuasive talent, if embodied in the Catholic controversialist, preacher or priest, succeed against the rack, the gibbet, and the axe? How could he attain to any issue of his labour save that of martyrdom? Let us, then, my dear Right Reverend Provost, derive from this meeting and the brotherly love which takes place between us to-day what is indeed its true moral—that God has been very good to us His children, in

this poor country, that we owe Him great gratitude, and that His past mercies are an earnest to us, unless we be unfaithful, of greater mercies to come. "The house of Aaron hath hoped in the Lord; He is their helper and protector. The Lord hath been mindful of us, and hath blessed us. He hath blessed the house of Israel, He hath blessed the house of Aaron."

ON HIS TREPIDATION AS AN AUTHOR.

An address of congratulation was read by Canon Toole, on behalf of the Manchester Catholic Club, on July 21st, 1879.

IN response Cardinal NEWMAN said: Very Rev. Canon Toole and gentlemen associated with him,—I could not desire any secular rewards for such attempts as I have made to serve the cause of Catholic truth more complete and more welcome to me than the praise which is so kindly bestowed upon me in the address of the Manchester Catholic Club, now read to me by you, its representatives. There is, from the nature of the case, so much imperfection in all literary productions, and so much variety of opinion, sentiment, and ethical character in any large circle of readers, that whenever I have found it a duty to write and publish in defence of Catholic doctrine or practice I have felt beforehand a great trepidation lest I should fail in prudence, or err in statement of facts, or be careless in language; and afterwards, for the same reasons, I have been unable to feel any satisfaction at recurring in mind to my composition. That what I have said might have been said better, I have seen clearly enough—my own standard of excellence was sufficient to show me this. But to what positive praise it was entitled, that was for others to decide, and, therefore, when good Catholics, with divines of name and authority, come forward and tell me, as you do, that what I have published has been of great service to my dear mother the Holy Church, it is, I cannot deny, a great reassurance and gratification to me to receive such a testimony in my favour. I thank you, then, heartily for your congratulations on my elevation to the dignity of Cardinal, for your generous and, I may say, affectionate reference to my controversial writings, and for your prayers on behalf of my health and continuance of life. The future is in God's hands. Anyhow, it is a great pleasure to think that the generation that is

now passing away is leaving for that future so large, so fervent, so strong a succession of Catholics to hand down to posterity the sacred and glorious tradition of the one, true, ancient Faith.

TO THE YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

To an address presented by the Rev. J. Sherlock for the Young Men's Society, August 8th, 1879,

CARDINAL NEWMAN replied, turning to the Rev. J. Sherlock: My dear Father Sherlock,—I wish I had a hundredth part of your merit. It would be hard if one did not in one's little way try to serve one who is such a laborious, hard-working priest as you have been. The Lord bless you. Turning to the deputation the Cardinal said: You must have anticipated, I am sure, Gentlemen, before I say it, what gratification I feel at the address you have now presented to me on the occasion of my elevation by the condescending act of the Supreme Pontiff to the Sacred College of Cardinals. It has gratified me in many ways. I feel it is a great honour to be thus singled out for special notice by a body so widely extended, so important in its objects, so interesting to every Catholic mind, as your Society. Next, your address has come to me in a shape which enhances the compliment you pay me, and was sure to be most acceptable to me. Not only is the copy which you have put into my hands most beautifully illuminated, but the illuminations are made to memorialise the various passages in my life past, and seem to suggest the careful interest and the sympathy, and, I may say, the tenderness with which you yourselves have dwelt upon them. And then this address comes to me from so many. It is as strange to me as it is pleasing, to find, at the Holy Father's word, and, as it were, at his signal, a host of friends starting up and gathering and thronging round about me from so many towns, north and south, in this land. Whereas up to this time, widely known and highly accounted as has been your Society, for myself I have never realised that there was any personal tie between you and me, or had that conscious fellowship with you which is so great a help when hearts beat in unison as being associates and companions in a great and noble cause. Still further you add to the gratification which I feel on other accounts, by telling me

that one of my books has been of use to you in your zealous efforts to defend and propagate Catholic truth, and, although I have not known you, you, on the other hand, have known me. And, more than this, in speaking of those lectures of mine, you do not forget to notice that they come from the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, in whose house you are now assembled. I am glad to recognise with you the similarity of aims which exists in the work of our glorious Saint, who lived three centuries ago in Italy, and that of the excellent priest who has been in this century and in these islands the founder of the Young Men's Society, and I cannot help feeling some satisfaction in observing in your address, and, as it were, in the aspect of your Society, certain coincidences, in themselves indeed trivial, and what may be called matters of sentiment, yet to me happy accidents, as a sort of token of some subtle sympathy connecting you with the Oratory. Such, for instance, is the date you have affixed to your address (the Feast of St. Augustine, Apostle of England), May 26th. Now, are you aware that May 26th is also our feast day—the Feast of St. Philip, Apostle of Rome? Again, I see the anniversary of your foundation is set down as May 12th. But this is a great day with St. Philip and his Roman house, as being the festival of the Oratory Saints, SS. Nereus and Achilleus, whose church was the titular of the celebrated Oratorian Cardinal Baronius, the ecclesiastical historian, and one of the earliest disciples of St. Philip. Short as your address is, it contains in its compass what has required from me many words duly to answer. Moreover you have given me much more than an address, by coming with it yourselves, and letting us meet face to face. I have to thank you, then, for a visit, as well as a beautifully embellished letter. For all this kindness I thank you from my heart again and again.

WHAT A CARDINAL OUGHT TO BE.

On August 15th, 1879, a deputation, amongst whom were Lord Ripon, Lord O'Hagan, and Sir Charles Clifford, presented an address of congratulation which was read by the Duke of Norfolk.

CARDINAL NEWMAN, in accepting the address, said My Lords Gentlemen, and my dear Friends,—Next to my promotion, by the wonderful condescension of the Holy Father, to a seat in the

Sacred College, I cannot receive a greater honour than on the occasion of it to be congratulated as I now have been, by gentlemen who are not only of the highest social and personal importance, viewed in themselves, but who come to me as, in some sort, representatives of the Catholics of these islands—nay, of the wide British Empire. Nor do you come to me merely on occasion of my elevation, but with the purpose, or at least with the effect of co-operating with His Holiness in his act of grace towards me, and to make it less out of keeping in the imagination of the outer world with the course and circumstances of my life hitherto, and the associations attendant upon it. In this respect I conceive your address to have a meaning and an impressiveness of its own, distinct from those other congratulations more private, most touching, and most welcome, that have been made; and it is thus that I explain to myself the strength of your language about me as it occurs in the course of it. For, used though it be in perfect sincerity and simple affection, I never will believe that such a glowing panegyric as you have bestowed upon me was written for my own sake only, and not rather intended as an expression of the mind of English-speaking Catholics, and as a support thereby to me in my new dignity, which is really as necessary for me, though in a different way, as those contributions of material help with which also you are so liberally supplying me. I accept, then, your word and your deed as acts of loyalty and devotion to the Holy Father himself, and I return you thanks in, I may say, his name for your munificence to and your eloquent praise of me. Among the obligations of a Cardinal, I am pledged never to let my high dignity suffer in the eyes of men by fault of mine—never to forget what I have been made, and whom I represent; and if there is a man who more requires the support of others in satisfying the duties for which he was not born and in making himself more than himself, surely it is I. The Holy Father, the Hierarchy, the whole of Catholic Christendom, form not only a spiritual, but a visible body, and, as being a visible, they are necessarily a political body. They become, and were meant to become, a temporal polity, and that temporal aspect of the Church is brought out most prominently and impressively, and claims and commands the attention of the world most forcibly in the Pope, and in his court, and in his basilicas, palaces, and other establishments at Rome. It is an aspect rich in pomp and circumstance, in solemn ceremony, and in observances sacred from an antiquity beyond memory.

He himself can only be in one place ; the Cardinals, so far as he does not require their presence around him, represent him in all parts of the civilised world, and carry with them great historical associations, and are a living memento of the Church's unity, such as has no parallel in any other polity. They are the Princes of the Œcumenical Empire. The great prophecies in behalf of the Church are in them strikingly fulfilled, that "the Lord's house should be exalted above all the hills"; and that "Instead of thy fathers, sons are born to thee, whom thou shalt make princes over all the earth." I am not speaking of temporal domination, but of temporal pre-eminence and authority, of a moral and social power of a visible grandeur which even those who do not acknowledge it feel and bow before. You, my dear friends, have understood this ; you have understood better than I what a Cardinal ought to be, and what I am not, the greatness of my position, and my wants. You understood, and have, in St. Paul's words, "glorified my face." You are enabling me to bear a noble burden nobly. I trust I may never disappoint you or forfeit your sympathy, but as long as life lasts may be faithful to the new duties, which, by a surprising dispensation of Providence, have been suddenly allotted to me.

THE CARDINAL AND THE CLUB.

*On behalf of St. George's Club, Mr. Clifford read an address,
August, 1879.*

CARDINAL NEWMAN, in reply, said: When my first surprise was over, at the Sovereign Pontiff's gracious act towards me during the last spring, I felt that so great a gratification I could not have again as that signal recognition by the highest of earthly authorities, of my person, my past life, my doings in it, and their results. But close upon it, and next to it in moment and in claim upon my gratitude, come the wonderful sympathy and interest in me, so wide and so eager in their expression, with which that favour from His Holiness has been caught up by the general public and welcomed as appropriate on the part of friends and strangers to me, of those who have no liking for the objects for which I have worked as well as of those who have. In that accord and volume of kind and generous voices, you, Gentlemen, by the address which now has been presented to me, have taken a substantial part, and,

thereby, would have a claim on me, though there were nothing else to give you a place in my friendly thoughts ; but this is not all which gives a character of its own to your congratulations. I was much touched by your noticing the special tie of a personal character which attaches some of your members to me, and me to them ; it is very kind in you to tell me of this, and it is a kindness which I shall not forget. Also there is between you and me a tie which is common to you all ; and that, if not a religious tie also, at least an ecclesiastical one, and one which in more than one respect associates us together. St. George is your patron, and you are doubly under his patronage ; first, because he is this country's Saint, and next in that voluntary union by virtue of which you address me. Now I, on the other side, have been appointed titular of his ancient church at Rome ; his Chapter, his dependents, his fabric are all under my care ; and here again, as I claim to have in you an interest more than others have, so you may claim to share in the devotion paid to that glorious Martyr in his venerable Basilica. But it would be wrong to detain you longer ; and while I repeat my thanks to all the members of the Club for their address, my special thanks are due to you, Gentlemen, who have taken the trouble to present it to me in person.

ON HIS STANDING AS AN AUTHOR.

Mr. Edward Lucas presented an address from the Academia, signed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, August 15th, 1879.

IN reply Cardinal NEWMAN said : I offer my best thanks to the members of the Academia for the honour and the kindness they have done me by the address which has now been presented to me, and for the warmth of language with which their congratulations have been expressed. Also, I feel much gratified by their high estimate of the value of what I have written, of its literary merits, and of the service it has rendered to the interests of religion. Such praise comes with especial force and effect from the members of an Academia ; for such a body, whatever be its particular scope and subject matter, still is ever, I conceive, in name and in office a literary, or, at least, an intellectual body ; and, therefore, I naturally feel it as a high compliment to me that my various writings should receive the

approbation of men whose very function, as belonging to it, is to be critical. However, I do not, I must not, forget that whatever presents itself for critical examination admits of being regarded under distinct, nay, contrary, aspects ; and while I welcome your account of me as expressive of your good-will and true respect for me, which claims my best acknowledgments, I shrink from taking it as representative of the judgment of the world about me, or of its intellectual circles either, and for this plain reason, because even I myself, who am not likely to be unjust to myself, have ever seen myself in colours less favourable to my self-love, to my powers, and to my works, than those in which you have arrayed me ; hence I cannot allow myself to bask pleasantly in the sunshine of your praises, lest I lose something of that sobriety and balance of mind which it is a first duty jealously to maintain. In fact, the point on which you are so good as to insist upon, as if in my favour, has always been a sore point with me, and has suggested uncomfortable thoughts. A man must be very much out of the common to deserve the great names with which you honour me ; and for myself, certainly, when I have reflected from time to time on the fact of the variety of subjects on which I have written, it has commonly been whispered in my ear, " To be various is to be superficial." I have not, indeed, blamed myself for a variety of work, which could not be avoided ; I have written according to occasion, when there was a call on me to write ; seldom have I written without call, but I have ever felt it to be an unpleasant necessity, and I have envied those who have been able to take and prosecute one line of research, one study, one science, as so many have done in this day, and thus to aspire to the *exegi monumentum* of the poet. I am not touching on the opinions which had characterised their labours, whether true or false. But I mean that an author feels his work to be more conscientious, satisfactory, and sound, when it is limited to one subject, when he knows all that can be known upon it, and when it is so fixed in his memory, and his possession of it is so well about him, that he is never at a loss when asked a question, and can give his answer at a minute's warning. But I must come to an end ; and in ending, I hope you will not understand these last remarks to argue insensibility to the depth of interest in me and kindly sympathy with me in your address, which it would be very difficult, indeed, to overlook, but to me it is most difficult duly to respond.

TO THE SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME.

The Marquis of Ripon presented an address from the Girls' Training College, Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, August 15th, 1879.

THE CARDINAL, in reply, said: The name of the Liverpool Sisters of Notre Dame would have been quite enough, without other words, to make me understand the value of the congratulations which your Lordship has been so good as to put into my hands in their behalf, and which, I need scarcely say, are rendered doubly welcome to me as coming to me through your Lordship. May I beg of you the additional favour of your assuring them in turn of the great pleasure which their address has given me, not only as proceeding from a Religious Community, whose kindly estimation of such as me is ever coincident or even synonymous with prayer for his welfare, but also as expressing the sentiments of ladies who, by their special culture of mind and educational experience, have a claim to be heard when they speak, as in this case, on a question whether his writings have done good service in the cause of Catholic faith. For the gratification, then, which their language concerning me has given me, and especially for that overflowing personal goodwill towards me which in the first instance has led to their addressing me, I beg of your Lordship's kindness to return to them my most sincere acknowledgments.

ON SOME MATTERS OF EDUCATION.

The Marquis of Ripon, as Chairman of the Poor School Committee, read another address on the same occasion.

CARDINAL NEWMAN, in reply, said: My dear Friends, in returning to you my warmest and most hearty thanks for an address conceived in the language of personal friendship rather than a formal tender of congratulations on my recent elevation, I must express my especial pleasure on finding that the main view of my life which you select for notice is just that which I should wish you to fix upon, and should wish it for the same reason as has actuated you in selecting it—namely, because it brings you and myself together as associates in a common cause—the cause of education. To be honest, I do not deny that I could

have wished you in some things which you have said of me to have less indulged your affectionate regard for me (I must venture on this phrase), and to have been more measured in language, which cannot indeed pain me because it is so genuine and earnest ; but I prefer to dwell on that portion of your address which leads me to feel the pride and joy of fellowship with you in a great work, and lets me, with a safe conscience, allow you to speak well of me, nay, even lets me open my own mind and indirectly heighten your praise of me. It is indeed a satisfaction to me to believe that in my time, with whatever shortcomings, I have done something for the great work of education ; and it is a second satisfaction that, whereas the cause of education has so long ago brought you into one body, you, whose interest in it is sure to have kept your eyes open to its fortunes, are able, after all disappointments, to pronounce, at the end of many years, that my endeavours have, in your judgment, had their measure of success. The Committee for the Poor Schools has existed now for thirty-two years, and two-thirds of its members are laymen. I, too, long before I was a Catholic priest, set myself to the work of making as the school so also the lecture-room Christian, and that work engages me still. I have ever joined together faith and knowledge, and considered engagements in educational work a special pastoral office. Thus, without knowing you, and without your religious advantages, I have in spirit and in fact ever associated myself with you. When I was public tutor of my College at Oxford, I maintained even fiercely that my employment was distinctly pastoral. I considered that, by the statutes of the University, a tutor's profession was of a religious nature. I never would allow that, in teaching the classics, I was absolved from carrying on, by means of them, in the minds of my pupils an ethical training. I considered a College tutor to have the care of souls, and before I accepted the office, I wrote down a private memorandum, that, supposing I could not carry out this view of it, the question would arise whether I could continue to hold it. To this principle I have been faithful throughout my life. It has been my defence to myself, since my ordination to the priesthood, for not having given myself to direct parochial duties, and for having allowed myself in a wide range of secular reading and thought, and of literary work. And now, at the end of my time, it is a consolation to me to be able to hope, if I dare rely upon results, that I have not been mistaken. I trust that I may, without presumption or arrogance, accept this surprising act

of the Sovereign Pontiff towards me, and the general gratification which has followed upon it, as a favour given me from above. His Holiness, when he first told me what was in prospect for me, sent me word that he meant this honour to be "a public and solemn testimony" of his approbation; also that he gave it in order to give pleasure to Catholics and to my countrymen. Is not this a recognition of my past life almost too great for a man, and suggesting to him the *Nunc Dimittis* of the aged Saint? Only do you pray for me, my dear friends, that, by having a reward here, I may not lose the better one hereafter.

ABOUT THE BENEDICTINES.

In reply to an address presented to him at the Birmingham Oratory, on September 18th, 1879, from the Congregation of English Benedictines,

THE CARDINAL said: My dear Right Reverend and Very Reverend and Reverend Fathers,—I thought it a high honour, as indeed it was, to have received, in the course of the last six months, on the occasion of the Sovereign Pontiff's goodness to me, congratulations from several Benedictine houses; but now I am called upon to give expression to my still warmer and deeper gratitude for so formal and public an act of friendship, on my behalf, as comes to me to-day from the whole English Benedictine Congregation—a kindness done to me by the President-General in person, in company with other Abbots and high officials of the English body, and that with the express intention of preserving the memory and the interest they have taken in me, for later times. This, indeed, is a kindness which claims my heartfelt thanks, and it is the more gratifying to me, my dear Fathers, because, over and above the circumstances by which you have so studiously given emphasis to your act, it comes from Benedictines. The Holy Church at all times, early and late, is fair and gracious, replete with winning beauty and transcendent majesty: and one time cannot be pronounced more excellent than another; but I from a boy have been drawn in my affections to her first age beyond other ages, and to the monastic rule as it was then exemplified; and how was it possible to drink in the spirit of early Christianity, and to be enamoured of its loveliness, and to sit at the feet of the Saints

Anthony, Basil, Martin, Jerome, Paulinus, Augustine, and others, without a special sensibility and attraction to the grandeur of St. Benedict, who completes the list of ancient monastic Saints, or without a devout attachment to his multitudinous family? And when I became a Catholic, and found myself a son and servant of St. Philip, I rejoiced to think how much there was in the substance and spirit of his Institute like that which I had attributed to the primitive monks. His children, indeed, have no place in the pages of ecclesiastical history. We have not poured ourselves over Christendom century after century; have not withstood a flood of barbarism, and, after its calamities, "renewed the face of the earth;" we take up no great room in libraries, nor live in biographies and in the minds and hearts of spiritual men; but, as children of a Saint, we cannot but have a character of our own and a holy vocation; and, viewing it in itself, we may without blame ascribe to it a likeness to a Benedictine life, and claim a brotherhood with that old Benedictine world; in the spirit of Cardinal Baronius, one of St. Philip's first disciples, who tells us in his "Annals," that by and in St. Philip's rule a beautiful apostolic method of spiritual life was renewed, and primitive times came back again. There are none, then, whose praise is more welcome to me than that of Benedictines; but it need scarcely be said, my dear Fathers, that to have a vivid admiration of a rule of life is not the same thing as to exemplify it. I know myself better than you do; you think far too well of me, and I beg your good prayers that I may be more like that ideal of work and prayer which in your charitableness you identify with me.

ASKING, "IF THIS IS COLDNESS, WHAT IS
WARMTH?"

*In reply to an address presented by the Earl of Denbigh, on
behalf of the Diocese of Birmingham,*

THE CARDINAL said: My dear Friends,—Your most welcome address brings before me the memories of many past years. The greater part of my life—that is, more than half of the long interval since I was a schoolboy—has been spent here, and the words which you use about it come home to me with the force of both a surprise and a pleasure which I had thought no speakers or

writers could excite but such as had the same vivid experience of those eventful years as I have myself. You are not so old as I am. How is it, then, that you recollect my past so well? Every year brings its eventful changes—some entering, others leaving, this perishable scene. Yet so it is that by the favour of good Providence I have lost old friends only to gain new ones, and the ever-fresh generation of Catholics—clerical and lay—attached to this see seems as ever handing down a tradition of what happened to me years before itself; a tradition always kind, nay, I may say always affectionate to me. Of course, I view that past under a different aspect from yours. To me it is filled up with memorials of special kindnesses and honours which you have done to me, more than I can recount or represent in these few sentences. I recollect, for instance, thirty-six years ago, with what kind anxiety Dr. Wiseman, then Coadjutor-Bishop, exerted himself when I was living near Oxford to bring me within the safe lines of Holy Church, and how, when I had been received by Father Dominic, of the Congregation of the Passion, I at once found myself welcomed and housed at Oscott—the whole College boys, I may say, as well as the authorities of the place, receiving me with open arms, till I was near forgetting that I must not encroach on their large hospitality. How many kind and eager faces, young and old, come before me now as they passed along the corridors or took part in the festivities of St. Cecilia's Day, or assisted at more directly sacred commemorations, during the first months that I was a Catholic, and afterwards when Dr. Wiseman had called us from Oxford to be near him. The first act of the Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Walsh, was to give us Old Oscott, since called Maryvale, as our possession; a munificent act, which Pope Pius confirmed in his Brief, though we felt it a duty on our coming here to restore it to the diocese. And when we had come here, and our position was permanently fixed, the same kindness was shown to me as before, and especially by our present venerated Bishop. What are those instances which you mention of my preaching at St. Chad's on his Lordship's installation, and on other special occasions, but so many singular honours shown on my behalf? As years went on in a troublous time, and amid the conflict of opinion, there never was a misgiving about me in my own neighbourhood. I recollect with great gratitude the public meeting held by the Catholics of this place in acknowledgment of lectures which I had delivered during the excitement caused

in the country by the establishment of the Hierarchy ; and how, when those lectures involved me in serious legal difficulties soon afterwards, the Birmingham Catholics, and prominently some excellent laymen, whose memory is very dear to me, started and headed that general subscription to meet my expenses which reached so magnificent a sum. And again, years afterwards, when an affront offered to me had involved an affront to the whole Catholic priesthood, and I on both accounts had felt bound to take notice of it, I was, amid my anxieties, cheered and rewarded by an address of thanks from the clergy assembled in Diocesan Synod, as is kept in continual memory by the autographs on the walls of our guest-room of the kind priests who did me this honour. Nor was the Bishop wanting to this great acknowledgment ; he gave it a sanction as precious as it was rare, by proposing that each of the priests of his diocese should, in connexion with the subject of their address, say Mass for me. And now, after all this, you crown your kindness when my course is all but run, by resolving that the Holy Father shall not raise me to the Sacred College without, by your cordial congratulation, having a share in his act of grace. What am I to say to all this ? It has been put about by those who were not Catholics that as a convert I have been received coldly by the Catholic body ; and if it is coldness, I wonder what warmth is. One thought more comes into my mind, and with it I will conclude. I have many times felt sorely what poor services I have rendered to you to gain such recompenses as I have been recounting. It is very plain that I have had the wages of a public life with the freedom and comfort of a private one. You have let me go my own way, and have never been hard upon me. Following the lead of the good Bishop, you, in all your communications with me, have made allowances for our rule, for my health and strength, for my age, for my habits and peculiarities, and have ever been delicate, ever acted tenderly towards me. May the Almighty God return to his Lordship, and to all of you, a hundredfold that mercy and that loving sympathy which he and you have shown so long to me.

ON AFFAIRS OF IRELAND.

In reply to an address of congratulation on his elevation to the Sacred College, read by Lord O'Hagan, in 1880, "on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland,"

HIS EMINENCE said : My Lord O'Hagan, I should be strangely constituted if I were not deeply moved by the address which your Lordship has done me the honour of presenting to me on the occasion of my elevation, by the grace of the Sovereign Pontiff, to a seat in the Sacred College. It almost bewilders me to receive an expression so warm, so special, so thorough, from men so high in station, ecclesiastical and civil—speaking too, as they avow, in behalf of a whole Catholic people ; and, in order to this, giving themselves the inconvenience and fatigue of a long journey in the midst of their serious occupations. But while I reply to their commendation of me with somewhat of shame from the consciousness how much more I might have done in life than I have done, and how much better, still my reverence for them obliges me to submit myself to their praise as a grave and emphatic judgment upon me, which it would be rude to question, and unthankful not to be proud of, and impossible ever to forget. But their address is not only an expression of their praise, it also conveys to me from Ireland a message of attachment. It is a renewal and enlargement of a singular kindness done to me a year ago, and even then not for the first time. I have long known what good friends I have in Ireland ; they in their affection have taken care that I should know it, and the knowledge has been at times a great support to me. They have not been of those who trust a man one day and forget him the next ; and though I have not much to boast of in most points of view, I will dare to say that if, on my appointment to a high post in Ireland, I came there with the simple desire and aim to serve a noble people who I felt had a great future, deeply sensible of the trust, but otherwise, I may say, without thought of myself—if this creates a claim upon your remembrance, I can, with a good conscience, accept it. And here I am led on to refer to a special circumstance, on which you touch with much delicacy and sympathy, and which I can hardly avoid since you mention it, namely, the accident that in past years I have not always been understood, or had justice done to my real sentiments and

intentions in influential quarters at home and abroad. I will not deny that on several occasions this has been my trial, and I say this without assuming that I had no blame myself in its coming upon me. But, then, I reflected that whatever pain that trial might cost me, it was the lightest that I could have; that a man was not worth much who could not bear it; that, if I had not this, I might have a greater; that I was conscious to myself of a firm faith in the Catholic Church, and of loyalty to the Holy See; that I was, and had been, blessed with a fair measure of success in my work; and that prejudice and misconception did not last for ever. And now my wonder is, as I feel it, that the sunshine has come out so soon, and with so fair a promise of lasting through my evening. My Lord and Gentlemen, in speaking so much of myself, I feel I must be trying your patience; but you have led me on to be familiar with you. I will say no more than offer a prayer to the Author of All Good, that the best blessings may descend from Him on all those who have taken part in this gracious act exercised towards one who has so faint a claim on their generosity.

In reply to another address from Ireland presented by the Bishop of Ardagh at the Birmingham Oratory, on behalf of the Catholic University of Ireland, His Eminence made the following reply in writing to the Rector and Senate of the University:

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—This is not the first time that I have had the gratification of receiving from you a public expression of your attachment to me, and of your generous good opinion of my exertions in behalf of the University. Many years have passed since then; and now I receive your welcome praise a second time, together with the additional gratification that it is the second. And I notice further, with great gratitude, that whereas in most cases the sentiments which lead to such an act of kindness become, as time goes on, less lively than they were at first, you, on the contrary, use even stronger and warmer language about me now than that which cheered and gladdened me so much, and was so great a compensation of my anxieties in 1858. And there is still another pleasure which your address has given me. Of course, a lapse of time so considerable has brought with it various changes in the constituent members, in

the ruling and teaching body of the University. I consider it, then, to be a singular favour conferred upon me that those whom I have not the advantage of knowing personally should join in this gracious act with those who are my old friends. No earthly satisfaction is without its drawbacks, and my last remark naturally leads me on to one sad thought, which you yourselves towards the end of your address have suggested. A great Prelate has been lately taken from us, to whose simple faith and noble constancy in the cause of the University it is owing that the University maintains its place amid the many obstacles by which its progress has been beset. I ever had the greatest, the truest reverence for the good Cardinal Cullen. I used to say of him that his countenance had a light upon it which made me feel as if, during his many years at Rome, all the Saints of the Holy City had been looking into it, and he into theirs. And I have cause to know from the mouth of Pope Pius himself, that on a very critical occasion he promptly, emphatically, and successfully stood my friend. That was in the year 1867. How sincere would have been his congratulations to me at this time! I am deprived of them; but by thus expressing my sense of my loss I best relieve myself of the pain of it. I cannot bring these acknowledgments to an end without tendering in turn my congratulations to you, that the serious loss which you have lately sustained by the elevation to the Episcopate of my dear friend your Rector,* who has laboured for the University so long and with such devotion, has been so happily repaired by the appointment in his place of an ecclesiastic whose antecedents are a guarantee for its prosperous advance in that enlarged field which is now opened to its activity and its usefulness. And now, thanking you from a full heart for your indulgence and abundant kindness towards me, I will make no further claim upon your time.

ON YOUNG AUSTRALIA AND OLD ENGLAND

On behalf of the Catholics of Australia, led by the Right Hon. W. Bede Dalley, a gold salver was presented to His Eminence by the Duke of Norfolk, at a meeting in Willis's Rooms, May, 1880.

HIS EMINENCE, acknowledging the gift, said: It has been a great and a most welcome surprise to me to find that I, dwell-

* Monsignor Woodlock, now Bishop of Ardagh.

ing in England, should have succeeded in gaining friends at the other side of the earth—friends so many and so warm, friends whom I seem to myself to have done so little to deserve, yet who have been so resolute in making known both their warmth and their numbers to the world at large. Besides the address, which high and low have with such wonderful unanimity joined in sending to me, they have made me a beautiful and costly and singularly artistic present, which speaks of their country, by virtue of the rich indigenous material of which it consists, and of their kind hearts in the flattering and touching words which are engraven upon it. And that these words may be the more grateful to me, the donors have been at pains to gain in the choice of them the aid of a well-known and highly distinguished scholar, who had known me years ago when he was an inhabitant of the great metropolitan centre in which my lot is cast. I must make a further remark. It is well known that in conferring on me my high dignity, the Sovereign Pontiff, in consideration of my age and delicate health, suspended in my case the ordinary rule, and condescended to allow me, by a rare privilege, to remain, though a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, in my own country, nay, in my own place in the Oratory; and this being so, I notice it as a happy coincidence that, as if in anticipation of his Holiness's indulgence to me, his Australian children have engraven on their gift—with a true instinct of what would please me as regards it, in looking on to the time when others must be owners of it—not only my own name, but the names of those Fathers whom, by search into one of my publications, they found to have been for so many years my intimate friends and brothers in the Oratory of Birmingham. There was just one other act of kindness open to them, and they have not let it slip. When the time came for my receiving their gift, they did not choose that it should be presented to me by the mere mechanical appliances of the steam-vessel and the railway-van, but it is now placed in my hands by a great person, by one whom I have been allowed to know, love, and take an interest in even from his very childhood, whom the Catholics of England recognise as their hereditary chief, and whose participation in this act of grace associates in my honour the fresh life and bright future of Colonial England with the grand memories of the past and the romance of the mediæval period.

TO BOYS, ABOUT THE ROSARY.

Preaching at Oscott College, on Sunday, October 5th, 1879, from the text "They found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in a manger,"

THE CARDINAL said: I am not going to make a long address to you, my dear boys, or say anything that you have not often heard before from your superiors, for I know well in what good hands you are, and I know that their instructions come to you with greater force than any you can have from a stranger. If I speak to you at all, it is because I have lately come from the Holy Father, and am, in some sort, his representative, and so in the years to come you may remember that you saw me to-day and heard me speak in his name, and remember it to your profit. You know that to-day we keep the Feast of the Holy Rosary, and I propose to say to you what occurs to me on this great subject. You know how that devotion came about; how, at a time when heresy was very widespread, and had called in the aid of sophistry, that can so powerfully aid infidelity against religion, God inspired St. Dominic to institute and spread this devotion. It seems so simple and easy, but you know God chooses the small things of the world to humble the great. Of course it was first of all for the poor and simple, but not for them only, for everyone who has practised the devotion knows that there is in it a soothing sweetness that there is in nothing else. It is difficult to know God by our own power, because He is incomprehensible. He is invisible to begin with, and therefore incomprehensible. We can in some way know him, for even among the heathens there were some who had learned many truths about Him; but even they found it hard to conform their lives to their knowledge of Him. And so in His mercy He has given us a revelation of Himself by coming amongst us, to be one of ourselves, with all the relations and qualities of humanity, to gain us over. He came down from Heaven and dwelt amongst us, and died for us. All these things are in the Creed, which contains the chief things that He has revealed to us about Himself. Now the great power of the Rosary lies in this, that it makes the Creed into a prayer; of course, the Creed is in some sense a prayer and a great act of homage to God; but the Rosary gives us the great truths of His life and death to meditate upon, and brings them nearer to our hearts. And so we contemplate all the great mysteries of His life and His birth in the

manger ; and so too the mysteries of His suffering and His glorified life. But even Christians, with all their knowledge of God, have usually more awe than love of Him, and the special virtue of the Rosary lies in the special way in which it looks at these mysteries ; for with all our thoughts of Him are mingled thoughts of His Mother, and in the relations between Mother and Son we have set before us the Holy Family, the home in which God lived. Now the family is, even humanly considered, a sacred thing ; how much more the family bound together by supernatural ties, and, above all, that in which God dwelt with His Blessed Mother. This is what I should most wish you to remember in future years. For you will all of you have to go out into the world, and going out into the world means leaving home ; and, my dear boys, you don't know what the world is now. You look forward to the time when you will go out into the world, and it seems to you very bright and full of promise. It is not wrong for you to look forward to that time ; but most men who know the world find it a world of great trouble, and disappointments, and even misery. If it turns out so to you, seek a home in the Holy Family that you think about in the mysteries of the Rosary. Schoolboys know the difference between school and home. You often hear grown-up people say that the happiest time of their life was that passed at school ; but when they were at school you know they had a happier time, which was when they went home ; that shows there is a good in home which cannot be found elsewhere. So that even if the world should actually prove to be all that you now fancy it, if it should bring you all that you could wish, yet you ought to have in the Holy Family a home with a holiness and sweetness about it that cannot be found elsewhere. This is, my dear boys, what I most earnestly ask you. I ask you when you go out into the world, as you soon must, to make the Holy Family your home, to which you may turn from all the sorrow and care of the world and find a solace, a compensation, and a refuge. And this I say to you, not as if I should speak to you again, not as if I had of myself any claim upon you, but with the claims of the Holy Father, whose representative I am, and in the hope that in the days to come you will remember that I came amongst you and said it to you. And when I speak of the Holy Family I do not mean Our Lord and Our Lady only, but St. Joseph too ; for as we cannot separate Our Lord from His Mother, so we cannot separate St. Joseph from them both ; for who but he was their protector in all the scenes of Our Lord's early life ? And with Joseph

must be included St. Elizabeth and St. John, whom we naturally think of as part of the Holy Family ; we read of them together and see them in pictures together. May you, my dear boys, throughout your life find a home in the Holy Family ; the home of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, St. Elizabeth, and St. John.

ON THE RELATIONS BETWEEN CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS IN ENGLAND.

*At the Catholic Re-union held in Birmingham in January, 1880,
Cardinal Newman presided, and delivered an address.*

HIS EMINENCE said : It was natural, my dear friends, when I found myself honoured by your request to preside at this great annual meeting of Catholics, being aware that, according to custom, I should have to address them, that I should be anxious to find some subject which was both seasonable in itself and interesting to my hearers. But how could I hope to hit upon any topic which had not been anticipated by those who have preceded me in this chair ? It has for more than twenty years been filled successively by men conspicuous in various lines of eminence—by great ecclesiastics, by noblemen and statesmen, by men of high position and distinguished name, by country gentlemen, by men of high talent or wide experience, who have made this one of the most remarkable Catholic gatherings in the country. And these former presidents have had the pick of all subjects, and the judgment and tact to select those which were most suitable to the occasion. The reflection came to me with great force, and I felt that it would serve as my apology if I failed in finding a subject equal to the duty which lay upon me. However, I am not so badly off as it may appear at first sight. The lapse of time is itself a subject, and I shall find one to-night far larger than I need—nay, one which rather is embarrassing from its very largeness, if I remind you of the circumstances under which you began these social meetings, and the great change which has taken place in our condition as Catholics since then. Not long before these annual gatherings commenced, and close upon thirty years ago, Catholics had suddenly become very unpopular both in Birmingham and through the whole country. I am not proposing to enter into the history of an

unhappy time. The misfortune to us arose from a singular misunderstanding, which Catholics would have hindered by anticipation could they have conjectured that it would take place. It was generally fancied that in some way or other our authorities at Rome were conspiring together against the religious liberties of England; and that, by appointing an English Cardinal and English Bishops, they intended or hoped, in some unjustifiable way or other to propagate in this country the Catholic religion. It was thought also to be a great insult to the religion of the country not to recognise that there was established here already a Christian hierarchy, and that to set up another, as if in its stead, was a great offence. And when the Government of the day, or at least some very distinguished statesman, took the same view, the excitement became extreme. We were thought very ill of, and very unmindful of the tolerance already extended to us; and then, as it will happen at such a time, all the old stories against us were brought out anew and put into circulation, and, as we have lasted 1,800 years and the Protestant sects around us only three hundred, it need not surprise anyone if more could be said by our enemies against us—truths or falsehoods, exaggerations or misstatements—than could be said against them even if we tried, especially since from our very greatness we have vastly more temptations and opportunities to act wrongly than they have had. And since (bad luck for us) we had never kept a register of Protestant scandals, as our enemies had kept of ours, and in consequence were in no condition to show that what there had been evil or faulty in times past in our body was to be laid to the charge, not of our religion, but of depraved human nature, we were at a great disadvantage; and even good and well-meaning Protestants got to entertain a bad opinion of us, and a great prejudice, distrust, and dislike of us was diffused through the country, and an animosity leading in many cases both to cruel and to violent acts. Things are very different now with us, and we have cause to be grateful to the inhabitants of this great town that so it is. Not that the ill opinion of those among whom one lives is the worst of trials. There are others far worse than it; bad words break no bones, and calumny is generally short-lived; but though popular disfavour, if it does not go further, is not an extraordinary trial, the good opinion of others—their respect, their good wishes, their sympathy, their kindness—is a very great pleasure, a very great gain; and therefore I think it quite a point to be remembered and recorded, a matter for congratu-

lating each other upon and rejoicing in, so far as we have it. And certainly there is a very striking contrast in the sort of welcome given by Englishmen to the late Cardinal Wiseman when he came as Cardinal in Michaelmas, 1850, and their conduct towards us at the present time. The contrast is striking, and I may be allowed, perhaps, to set before you one or two causes of the change of which that contrast is the evidence; and in the remarks which I am about to make, and especially in any criticism I may incidentally pass on some acts of my countrymen, I hope I may say nothing which can be taken as inconsistent with the true affection and esteem I feel for them, or with my gratitude to that great aggregate of ranks and classes which constitute what is called the public, from whom, though sometimes unfair to me, I have of late years, and now again recently, received such abundant marks of goodwill. First, the adverse sentiment was too violent, too unjust, sometimes too extravagant, to last. No wonder there was so widespread an alarm, and no wonder again it was of such short continuance, when we recollect what it was that was said about us. For instance, in a village which I happened to know, it had been prophesied even at an early date that if the Papists got the upper hand, the street of the village would flow with blood. A statement of a less prodigious character, but one far more cruel in its action on an unoffending and defenceless class, came from a high ecclesiastical quarter in the Establishment, and was to the effect that Protestant families would do well to be on their guard against Catholic servants, for these were spies on their masters and mistresses, and told all that happened indoors to their priest. Such extreme sayings—and they were not few—would necessarily lead to a reaction, and thereby do us a service, though not so intended; and, in fact, in a little time the public did begin to be ashamed of saying them and believing them. Englishmen are a kind-hearted people at bottom, when they have not gone mad, which, alas! they do every now and then. Accordingly, in a little time, after passing an Act of Parliament against us, and against the Catholics of Ireland—who had nothing to do with the cause of the quarrel, for they had no need of a hierarchy of Bishops, having had one from time immemorial—after the Act of Parliament, I say, they felt a satisfaction and relief, and calmed down. And then a generous feeling came over them, that perhaps they had been hard upon us. This is the first cause how we come to be in happier relations with our countrymen now than we were thirty years ago. It is an

instance of the operation of the psychological law that reaction of mind follows on great excitement. There was a second reason for a change, which followed close upon the first, and that was the experience which came to the nation, as time went on, that, after all, their alarm somehow had been unnecessary. Their Act of Parliament did not hinder our having diocesan Bishops and Chapters, Cardinals, and Orders of religious men. How could it? It could only hinder our using certain names, calling our Bishops Bishops, and carrying out the duties of our religion with certain solemnities. But Holy Church is intangible; nor could they touch her children, unless, indeed, they meant to proceed to actual persecution. This they did not dream of; and soon they made the second discovery that, as they could not touch us, neither could we touch them; that we and they belonged to different spheres of life, that their objects were secular and ours religious. I don't mean to say that there could not be usurpations on our side and on theirs; but, while what might be called a concordat was observed between temporals and spirituals, there might indeed be small collisions between the regal and pontifical. They might injure us indirectly, as by now and then troubling us by their legislation; and we might employ our civil rights in a way they did not like, in the interest of the rights of conscience, as other religious bodies do; but this was all. There was no reason for the grave prophecies of danger, and the panic fright, and the stringent measures on the part of the Executive and the country, of which we had been the subjects and the victims. We wished to live in peace with our countrymen, and there was no reason why they, too, should not be friendly, and cherish goodwill and act charitably towards us. As time went on this was felt more and more by candid minds; and even those who had been prejudiced against us began to see that there was no reason that the Church of Rome should not have clergy for its people in England any more than that the Protestant missionary bodies of England should refrain from sending their clergy and ministers to Africa or New Zealand, which is sometimes a great offence to the English Establishment in foreign parts, and causes great quarrels, as in Ceylon now. But you may say that in thus speaking I am not mending matters, because this was just one of our greatest offences in the eyes of our countrymen thirty years ago, viz., the insult of proposing to convert Englishmen, as if they were heathen; and such intention was a great source of irritation. This was, I need hardly say, a great misunder-

standing ; and thus I am brought to what I consider to be a third and most remarkable instrument in the change of feeling in our favour which has taken place of late years among Protestants. That change has arisen in good part from that very consequence which they anticipated and so much dreaded, and which has actually taken place—the conversions—which have not been few. Of course it would be very absurd in us, and, I may say, very wicked, if we said that this was a heathen country, and needed conversion as a heathen country needs it. There is a widespread knowledge of Christianity among us, a love of the main truths, a zeal in their behalf, and an admirable prodigality, as I may call it, of contributions in furthering them. There are a great many religious, a great many actively benevolent men among Protestants. This is not inconsistent with our holding that they know only half the Gospel ; and, as we are sure that we have the whole, not merely the half, this is a good reason why we should wish to make them Catholics, even though they be not heathen. We never conceal that we would make them Catholics if we could by fair and honest means. On the other hand, it is but natural that they should oppose us, be angry with us, and be afraid of us. True ; but what I wish to show, and what I believe to be the remarkable fact, is that, whereas there have been many conversions to the Catholic Church during the last thirty years, and a great deal of ill-will has been felt towards us in consequence, nevertheless that ill-will has been overcome, and a feeling of positive goodwill has been created instead, in the minds of our very enemies, by means of those conversions, which they feared from their hatred of us ; and I will say how. The Catholics in England fifty years ago were an unknown sect among us. Now there is hardly a family but has brothers, or sisters, or cousins, or connexions, or friends and acquaintances, or associates in business or work, of that religion, not to mention the large influx of population from the sister island ; and such an interpenetration of Catholics with Protestants, especially in our great cities, could not take place without there being a gradual accumulation of experience, slow indeed, but therefore the more sure, about individual Catholics, and what they really are in character, and whether or not they can be trusted in the concerns and intercourse of life. And I fancy that Protestants, spontaneously and before setting about to form a judgment, have found them to be men whom they could be drawn to like and to love quite as much as their fellow

Protestants might be—human beings whom they could be interested in and could sympathise with, and interchange good offices with, before the question of religion came into consideration. Perhaps they even got into intimacy and fellowship with some one of them before they knew he was a Catholic, for religious convictions in this day do not show themselves in a man's exterior; and then, when their minds turned back on their existing prejudices against the Catholic religion, it would be forced upon them that that hated creed, at least, had not destroyed what was estimable and agreeable in him, or at least that he was a being with human affections and human tastes, whatever might be his inner religious convictions. Perhaps the particular specimen of a Catholic which I have supposed might only go half way in possessing this sort of ethical appeal to the goodwill of others, or a quarter way, but he would have enough to destroy their imaginary notions of what a Catholic, and, much more, a priest, must be, and to make short work, and once for all, of that Guy Faux or Duke of Alva sort of Papist who hitherto stood in their minds for the normal representative of a Roman Catholic. I have been speaking of those ordinary and visible traits of character, of what is human merely, what is social in personal bearing, of what, as a moral magnetism, unites men to each other—of those qualities which are the basis, the *sine quâ non* of a political community—of those qualities which may be expressed by the word “neighbourly;” and I say that Catholics, as a body, are, to say the least, quite as neighbourly as Protestants, as attractive, as capable of uniting in civil society; and I say that in consequence, their multiplication in England, by making them visible, tangible, sensible, must, as an inevitable consequence, create a more kindly feeling to them than has existed hitherto; and it has done. I have not spoken of social virtues such as make a man respected and honoured, for that was not necessary for my purpose, though, whatever our failings may be as sons of Adam, I trust that at least we do not fall below that standard which is received in our country as the condition of a good name. And I might have enlarged on this—that, much as members of a Protestant country may dislike their relations being converted to a religion not their own, and angry as they may be with them at first, yet, as time goes on, they take their part when others speak against them, and anyhow feel the cruelty as well as the baseness of the slanders circulated against Catholics when those slanders include those dear to them; and they are indignant at the slanderer and feel

tender towards the slandered from the very fact that among the subjects of such calumnious treatment are persons who, as their experience tells them, so little deserve it. And now, had time admitted, I might have gone on to other distinct causes of that change which I have taken for my subject; but, since this cannot be, I will content myself with referring to another kind of knowledge of Catholics which has operated in their favour—a knowledge not to any great extent experimental and personal, but public, coming to the population at large from special witnesses—perhaps few and only on special occasions—and by means of the periodical press, and the trustworthy informants, of whose testimony it is the vehicle. And as an instance of what I mean, I will notice the great figure presented in this way to the whole world by the late Pope Pius IX., and its effects in favour of Catholics. This, surely, is a fair and striking instance of knowledge of Catholics, telling in their favour. If there is any representative of the Roman Church from whom Protestants ought to shrink, it is her head. In their theory, in their controversial publications, in their traditions, the Pope is all that is bad. You know the atrocious name they give him: he is the embodiment of evil, and the worst foe of the Gospel. Then, as to Pope Pius, no one could, both by his words and by deeds, offend them more. He claimed, he exercised larger powers than any other Pope ever did; he committed himself to ecclesiastical acts bolder than those of any other Pope; his secular policy was especially distasteful to Englishmen; he had some near him who put into print just that kind of gossip concerning him which put an Englishman's teeth on edge; lastly, he it was who, in the beginning of his reign, was the author of that very measure which raised such a commotion among us; yet his personal presence was of a kind which no one could withstand. I believe one special cause of the abatement of the animosity felt towards us by our countrymen was the series of tableaux, as I may call them, brought before them in the newspapers of his reception of visitors in the Vatican. His misfortunes, indeed, had something to do with his popularity. The whole world felt that he was shamefully used as regards his temporal possessions. No foreign power had a right to seize upon his palaces, churches, and other possessions; and the injustice shown him created a wide interest in him; but the main cause of his popularity was the magic of his presence, which was such as to dissipate and utterly destroy the fog out of which the image of a Pope looms

to the ordinary Englishman. His uncompromising faith, his courage, the graceful intermingling in him of the human and the divine, the humour, the wit, the playfulness with which he tempered his severity, his naturalness, and then his true eloquence, and the resources he had at command for meeting with appropriate words the circumstances of the moment, overcame those who were least likely to be overcome. A friend of mine, a Protestant, a man of practised intellect and mature mind, told me, to my surprise, that at one of the Pope's receptions at the Vatican he was so touched by the discourse made by His Holiness to his visitors that he burst into tears. And this was the experience of hundreds. How could they think ill of him or of his children when his very look and voice were so ethical, so eloquent, so persuasive? Yet, I believe, wonderful as was the mode and the effect with which Pius preached our holy religion, we have not lost by his being taken away. It is not decorous to praise the living, it is not modest to panegyrisé those whom rather one should obey; but in the successor of Pius, I recognise a depth of thought, a tenderness of heart, a winning simplicity, a power answering to his name which keeps me from lamenting that Pope Pius is no longer here. But I must cut short what has been already too long, though I have not reached the end. I will only say, in conclusion, that, though Englishmen are much more friendly to us as individuals, I see nothing to make me think that they are more friendly to our religion. They do not, indeed, believe, as they once believed, that our religion is so irrational that a man who professes it must be wanting either in honesty or in wit; but this is not much to grant, for the great question remains to decide whether it is possible for a country to continue any long time in the unnatural position of thinking ill of a religion and thinking well of believers in it. One would expect that either dislike of the religion would create an unfriendly feeling towards its followers, or friendliness towards its followers would ensure goodwill towards the religion. How this problem will be solved is one of the secrets of the future.*

* Even the *Times*, commenting upon this address, said: "The truth of much in Cardinal Newman's explanation of the amended relations between English Protestants and English Roman Catholics cannot be denied. No Englishman would wish to deny it. It must be acknowledged, also, that Protestants confronted with Catholics in the communication of daily life were unable to continue to think the religion they professed immoral and debasing."

In response to a vote of thanks proposed by Bishop Ilsey, and seconded by the Earl of Gainsborough,

HIS EMINENCE said if he were to speak till to-morrow he could not say one thousandth part of what he felt at their kindness and at the honour which had been conferred upon him. He felt the great and enormous kindness that had been shown to him, and it was a great surprise to him as well as a blessing, that he should have been so honoured with the Pope's recognition. He never felt in his life, nor did he now feel, that he deserved such an honour. At the same time he could not help feeling very pleased as well as grateful for it. From his heart he returned them his thanks.

IN AN OXFORD PULPIT AGAIN.

On Saturday, May 22nd, 1880, Cardinal Newman arrived at Oxford about five o'clock in the afternoon, and proceeded to Trinity College, where he had been made an Honorary Fellow two years earlier, and where he was cordially welcomed as a guest. His Eminence, having been entertained at dinner by the President and Fellows of Trinity, attended the College "gaudy" in the evening, at which there was a large and distinguished company, the conversazione taking place in the College gardens, which were illuminated by limelight. The Cardinal, whose voice had not been heard from any pulpit in Oxford since his secession from the Church of England, preached on Sunday in the then new Church of St. Aloysius, both in the morning and in the evening, to crowded congregations. In the morning,

HIS EMINENCE said that during the last half-year they had been engaged in tracing out the first steps of Our Lord's coming on earth. They began with Advent, and it might be said that they began with November, because, November being the month given to the memory of the dead, they were reminded of the cause of the death of the Son from which a series of doctrines began. They started from Advent ; firstly, they adverted to Our Lord's coming upon earth, to His

incarnation, His taking the flesh, and then they went on to trace Him into the wilderness, and the wonderful truths that were taught concerning Him were commemorated. So they were led on through His history to His resurrection, to His ascension, and then to the coming of the Holy Ghost. They were led on to contemplate the facts and details of those great events. They began naturally and suitably with tracing Almighty God Himself, who was indeed their Lord. To Him they came Who was the beginning and the end. Such was the course of the half-year which was full of change. It was the ruling of the economy of the Son of God upon earth, and the other half of the year was a time of rest and peace and contemplation, and, looking upon this part and that part in detail, they could see all the great things which He had done for them. They commemorated the most glorious mystery and the most joyous mystery. They commemorated what they did not understand, but what they understood sufficiently well to be thankful for. It was a mystery which must ever be before them, which they ever enjoyed, and which they could never understand here. And not even in Heaven, for Almighty God alone understood Himself. Sometimes the great mystery was compared, and with great reason, to the sun in this physical world. The sun, they knew, was the cause of all good to them ; the sun was the source of heat, light, and growth, and of all they were in a certain sense. They could not look at it. If they attempted to look at it they were blinded, and so it was in respect to that great mystery of the Holy Trinity in Unity. They could take it as presented to them. If they attempted to decide upon the point ; if they attempted by their own skill and wit to come to a conclusion about it, other or beyond what Almighty God had told them by Revelation, they were as if they blinded themselves. That blindness was what they meant by heresy. They attempted to do that which they could not do. They knew that certain great truths were told them by that mystery. They must take them and use them, but if they attempted to compare them, and so to unite them into one another, or to add anything more than what the Church had done, or what had been done for them by the Apostles themselves, more than what was put into them, or had grown up in such fulness in the past, then they in fact blinded themselves, and their faith became heresy. They blinded themselves because they attempted what was beyond human reason. Such was the heresy of Arius. There were certain truths, and he wished to unite them in his own

way; whereas the great defence of the Catholic faith was that they did not understand it, but they must take what was given them. If they looked into what was told them they found certain great characteristics. To those who took it as the Church's truth it was perfectly intelligible for all practical or devotional purposes for which it was given them, but if they attempted to go beyond that they failed. God had given them certain truths which were useful and needful, but which could not be compared. One of the first duties of the Church was when a man became a Catholic to put that truth among other truths before him, and it was most irrational in him to become a Catholic and not accept it. He must take the truth as it was given. Those who were familiar with Greek and Latin knew that there were modes of expression for which they had no English, and therefore he could not use the words which were there used. They were accustomed to use the words of Him Who bore witness that there were in Heaven the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and they believed that the Father was God, and that was intelligible enough. Anyone who believed in a God could on that account fully understand those words. The Father was God—the poorest, the least educated, the dullest, could take in the truth that the Father was God, and could point out and contemplate what was told him. That the Son was God was perfectly intelligible. All Catholics, not to say any others, knew what it was to believe in the Son of God, and to obey Him; and, then, again, to say, thirdly, the Holy Ghost was God, and to worship Him as such, was perfectly intelligible, and they had no difficulty in believing it. In these propositions there were no difficulties. It was only when they compared them together one with the other, when they wanted to know how this was true, and how the other two were true too, that there was a difficulty. When men wanted to try and find out something which would make it simpler they drifted into error, commonly called heresy, as against the words given them from the beginning. So also they could see how it was—that it was quite as clear why those great truths, those mysteries, were given them. It would be impossible for them to understand what was told them about an Infinite Being without a certain knowledge. They must partly comprehend what they were led to. They could not do more than to submit in the nature of things. They would recollect that they were speaking of an Infinite Almighty God, and how could they reason about infinities? Directly they began to attempt it they found

out how insurmountable it was. Their only resource was to take what was given them, and then there was no difficulty in believing what clearly from the nature of things was above them. But if he were asked why it was that God in His mercy—in His great love for them—had told them so much, he could but answer that it was cruelly ungrateful in those who believed that He had spoken to refuse to accept it. The difficulty was that Almighty God should not have spoken to the whole world. After He had spoken to them it had been as well that, for a time, great parts of the world should be in darkness, but if He could be with them He must tell them something of Himself. How could He come to them in the way of knowledge except He did so in their way? Supposing God withheld Himself from them; supposing He left them when they departed this life, how awful was their position. They knew what were their feelings in the presence of strangers, and they knew how great the trial was of going into an unknown world. If they did not learn to accustom themselves to the idea of an Infinite Father, an Infinite Son, and an Infinite Holy Ghost, what a loss it was in the prospect of the next world. It was a great mystery of God, and miserable were those who did not feel it. Therefore, in order that they might not come to an unknown place those truths were mercifully told them. First of all was knowledge of God and love of God. If they abused their reason, if they got habits of unbelief, or complaints, or despair, or of those heresies and dreadful imaginings concerning Almighty God, how terrible was the prospect. Was it possible that anything could be true which was against the constitution of their minds? They could not deny that religion was required of them. It was part of themselves. The spirit was part of themselves; and, therefore, it was consistent with their nature to believe and to rejoice in believing. It was the attributes of Almighty God that ought to be to them solace and strength. Where should they be without love of God? They knew here how miserable it was to live alone. He knew that many people in a certain measure could be happy in themselves, but to the individual society of some kind was quite a necessity. To be alone was a punishment so severe that though it was once given to culprits or criminals, it was now not so given. Solitary confinement would drive a man mad. So now they must think what would be the state of their souls hereafter if they had nothing to rely upon, if they had nowhere to go to, if they had no one to pray to, if they had withheld prayer in this life, and they could not free themselves from

the moral responsibility of those dreadful things in which they had indulged ; they could not think of Him, they could not pray, they could not remember, and if they did they had formed in their minds such very different ideas of truth and holiness that they could not love Him. They knew bold men would say, "We will go to hell rather than believe this," but where would such sayings be when the Almighty God Himself came? His Eminence quoted several passages from the Psalms and Holy Writ, and in conclusion remarked that the word "Eternity" was often on their lips, but they did not recollect that eternity itself was a dreadful, an awful thing to contemplate. It was Almighty God Who was the strength of eternity, and if they lived without His Word—without the vision of God—if they were without the love of God, what was eternity but misery? Let them take care that immortality might be a mercy to them and not a curse. Man might live a long life, but when he looked back upon it he thought nothing of it all. He besought them to beg of Almighty God to touch their hearts, and to create in them the beginning of a new life. He hoped God would bless them.

In the evening Cardinal Newman took his text from the 10th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, the 14th and following verses.

HIS EMINENCE said they knew that Almighty God not only created them in His mercy, which they expected from Him, but with a still greater mercy did not leave them to themselves. He did not leave the world to itself, but He watched over those whom He had made ; there was His providence and His covenant. He showed by the workings of their nature what was right, and what was holy and true, and by His grace He enabled the whole human race of man to do enough for its own salvation. Such was the mercy and providence for the whole world, but besides that they knew that He had from the beginning a chosen people. He had chosen them Himself whom He had decreed to be brought closer unto Himself, and to receive greater privileges. They read the record and history of that very abundant grace of His, in Scripture, and of that providence and that careful moral governance which He exercised over His own. He had called Him Whom He had elected a characteristic name by which was signified that

more intimate mercy and love which He had for His people—that was the name of “Shepherd.” He called Himself in the Holy Scriptures “the Shepherd of Israel.” They were the sheep of the Pastor. They could recollect many passages of the Old Testament to the same effect. There was that beautiful Psalm, the 23rd. David said: “The Lord is my Shepherd, and I want nothing. He hath set me in a place of pasturage. He hath turned me out to the water of refreshment. He hath comforted my soul. He hath led me on to the paths of justice for His name’s sake; for, although I should walk into the midst of the shadow of death, I will not fear, for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff they have comforted me.” That is the special character which Almighty God took upon Himself with regard to His chosen people. It was the gracious continuation of His mercy and providence. He spoke of them as knowing them, and hence it was that it showed a remarkable love for those who were proved by their works. The preacher referred to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, as pre-eminently shepherds. Again, Moses was a shepherd. David when a youth was a shepherd. God thus singled them out as if peculiar to Him—those who were entitled to that office; and, of course, He thus in His great providence, in His mercy, showed that He meant to extend His mercy upon those whom He chose to guide others. He called them shepherds. They knew that in the prophet Ezekiel a great deal was said about shepherds. The Bishop was specially called a shepherd. But the infinite fulness of the title was in Almighty God Himself. When Our Lord came He called Himself the Good Shepherd; and if they had read that, not having heard about God—supposing that it was not the teaching of the Church; supposing they were left to conjecture when they found Our Lord calling Himself especially the Shepherd—it would be obvious to them to consider that it was a title which was peculiar and characteristic of Almighty God. When David was called a shepherd, he was one of those who were chosen to be a representative by Divine grace, a Vicegerent, a Vicar of the True Shepherd; and they knew that was the case, though in another aspect of his character he was a man of blood. There was One only holy, only the Almighty God Himself; therefore, though David was thus chosen, and honoured, and raised by God, he, of course, was not necessarily what a shepherd ought to be. He brought not good, but evil upon his people. When the pestilence took place on account of David’s sin, he said, “These sheep, what

have they done?" He felt that he had not fulfilled his office of being a true and faithful shepherd of the sheep, it still being true that he was a shepherd, and that he was a man after God's own heart. Now, that being the state of the case in the Old Testament, in the old dispensation, yet He appointed others to take His place. When they came to the New Testament there a Man appeared who was Almighty God. Almighty God, Our Lord Jesus Christ, assumed the title Himself. The preacher did not recollect that He anywhere spoke of all the Apostles as being shepherds, though, of course, in one sense they were shepherds, too; but He did not give the name to all of them. When in St. Matthew He spoke of St. Peter as the rock, He did not speak—it was not His will then to speak—of St. Peter as the shepherd, but he thought it very remarkable, and a point demanding very great consideration, that there was one passage they knew, in which Our Lord committed His sheep to one of His Apostles. He says, "Feed My sheep." He said it to St. Peter. He (His Eminence) did not on consideration find anything parallel to that in the case of the other Apostles. There was that great characteristic title of Almighty God, that office which He exercised towards His elected people, towards those whom He described as His sheep. That title, that office, He delegated on His going away to one of His Apostles, and he was St. Peter. He saw nothing like such a delegation of so especial and so peculiar an office to any other Apostle. The Church acknowledged St. Peter as the Pastor, and according to the law of the Church, the rule of the Church, the Shepherd; and when they came to look back upon the passage in which He thus delegated His office, which made St. Peter what he might call a Vicegerent or Vicar, there seemed to be occasion for it, for He was going away; therefore, He did it. When He was going away they knew that He said, "All power is given to Me in Heaven and earth." He would be with His Apostles till the end of time—always. It did not seem to accord. St. Peter had not neglected his sheep, for the sheep had not yet been given. It was sometimes said it was the restoration of St. Peter after his fall; his fall was the denial of his Lord, and had no connexion with the bringing of others into the Church, which Our Lord emphasised three times in those words in which He gave him the charge, and which had some correspondence to St. Peter's three denials; but still there was involved, notwithstanding the circumstances of his denial, the charge to St. Peter, and not to the

Apostles generally. Then it seemed remarkable that that high gift should have been given in the Old Testament. They knew that it was given by God to David, who became the Vicegerent of Almighty God. It seemed to him that that passage was parallel to that which regarded St. Peter. They knew that Our Lord had a treble office: He was the king, the prophet, and the priest, and the word shepherd combined all these things, and was explained in the Psalm that he had read to them. He had the office of ruling, He had the office of feeding, because they knew that a shepherd fed his sheep; and thirdly, in those countries they knew that the shepherd's office was one full of great danger. He had to defend his sheep from the wild beasts. As in the case of David, he had to take care of his pastorate, and to defend his sheep from the inclement weather. In the case of Jacob, there was a great deal of danger in the office of shepherd. It was an office which would really be given to the representative of Our Lord. It was something that seemed to him different from any other office which was given to anyone else under the new covenant. They were all there Catholics, and they all believed it, and there was no need to say this in order to strengthen their faith; but it was pleasant and a cause of thanksgiving that they could contemplate and consider this, which was a matter of faith. The Apostles died off; and, therefore, there must in the nature of things be a succession, and then he wanted to know, if Bishops were to succeed, why was not the head of the Apostles to have a succession? Somewhere they must look for that succession; that seemed plain. When they had reason to believe a thing it was a great confirmation to find from the nature of the case that it must be according to their apprehension. It must be considered that no large body could exist without a head. There were small republics, but when a small polity became large, the tendency was, from the necessity of the case, to have a head. They knew that when the great Roman Empire had conquered the known world it could not get on without a head. There must be a centralisation of power. The great Republic on the other side of the world could not get on without a head; and humanly speaking, unless Almighty God moved by miracles, he did not see how the Catholic Church could possibly get on without a central authority. From the nature of the case this seemed to be as clear as possible to the eye of reason. He had no need to say those things to Catholics such as they were, but

they all had various necessities of, he was going to say, controversy ; they might be asked questions, and St. Peter told them that they should have an answer for questions. They all had to do good if they could, and they could not do more good than by bringing souls into the ark of salvation. They knew the blessedness, beyond measure, of the principles of the Church. In conclusion, His Eminence said, "Your faith depends not upon reason, but upon the Word of God ; and may God bless you."

ON THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

At a meeting of the Catholic Union, held in Willis's Rooms in May, 1880, under the presidency of the Duke of Norfolk,

HIS EMINENCE (who on rising was greeted with cheers again and again repeated) delivered the following address : When I say to you, Gentlemen, that the question to which I shall ask your attention bears upon the subject of the conversion of England to the Catholic faith, you will think, perhaps, I am venturing without necessity upon difficult and dangerous ground—difficult because it relates to the future, and dangerous from the offence which it may possibly give to our Protestant brethren. But a man must write and speak on such matters as interest and occupy his mind. At the time when you paid me the great compliment of asking me to address you, you were aware what it was that you were asking ; you were aware what I could attempt and what I could not attempt ; and I claim in consequence, and I know I shall obtain, your indulgence in case you should be dissatisfied, whether with my subject or with my mode of treating it. However, I am not going to consider the prospect of this country's becoming Catholic, but to inquire what we mean when we speak of praying for its conversion. I cannot, indeed, say anything which will strike you as new, for to be new is to be paradoxical ; and yet, if I can bring out what is in my mind, I think something may be said upon the subject. Now, of course it is obviously an act of both simple charity and religious duty on our part to use our privilege of intercession on behalf of our own people : of charity, if we believe our religion is true, and that there is only one true religion ; and of strict religious duty in the case of English Catholics, because such prayer is expressly enjoined upon them by ecclesiastical authority. There is a third reason which comes to us all,

accompanied with very touching and grateful remembrances. Our martyrs in the sixteenth century, and their successors and representatives in the times which followed at home and abroad, hidden in out-of-the-way nooks and corners of England, or exiles and refugees in foreign countries, kept up a tradition of fervent prayer for their dear England down almost to our own day, when it was taken up from a fresh beginning. It was a fresh start on the part of a holy man, Father Spencer, of the Passionists, himself a convert, who made it his very mission to bring into shape a system of prayer for the conversion of his country; and we know what hardships, mortifications, slights, insults, disappointments he underwent for this object. We know, too, how, in spite of this immense discouragement, or rather, I should say, by means of it—for trial is the ordinary law of Providence—he did a great work—great in its success. That success lies in the visible fact of the conversions which have been so abundant among us since he entered upon his evangelical labour, coupled as it is with the general experience which we all have in the course of life of the wonderful answers which are granted to persevering prayer. Nor must we forget, while we bless the memory of his charity, that such a religious service was one of the observances which he inherited from the Congregation which he had joined, though he had begun it before he was one of its members; for St. Paul of the Cross, its founder, for many years in his Roman monastery had the conversion of England in his special prayers. Nor, again, must we forget the great aid which Father Spencer found from the first in the zeal of Cardinal Wiseman, who not only drew up a form of prayer for England, for the use of English Catholics, but introduced Father Spencer's object to the Bishops of France, and gained for us the powerful intercession of an affectionate people, who in my early days were considered, this side of the Channel, to be nothing else than our national enemies. The experience, then, of what has actually come of prayer for our country, in this and the foregoing generation, is a third reason, in addition to the claim of charity and the duty of obedience, for steadily keeping up an observance which we have inherited. And now, after this introduction, let us consider what it is we ask when we ask for the conversion of England. Do we mean the conversion of the State, or of the nation, or of the people, or of the race? Of which of these, or of all these together?—for there is an indistinctness in the word "England." And, again, a conversion from what to what? This, too, has to be

explained ; yet I think that at all times, whether in the sixteenth century or in the nineteenth, those who have prayed for it have mainly prayed for the same thing ; that is, I think they have ever meant, first, by conversion, a real and absolute apprehension and acknowledgment as true, with an internal assent and consent, of the Catholic creed and an honest acceptance of the Catholic Roman Church as a Divinely-ordained exponent ; and next, by England, the whole population of England—every man, woman, and child. Nothing short of this ought to satisfy the desire of those who pray for the conversion of England. So far our martyrs and confessors and their surroundings of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and nineteenth centuries are at one with each other. But so abstract an object is hardly all they prayed for. They prayed for something concrete, and so do we ; but, as times and circumstances have changed, so has what is possibly desirable, assignable, changed as regards the object of their and our prayers. It must be recollected that the sixteenth and following centuries have been a period of great political movements and international conflicts, and with these movements and conflicts and their issues religion has been intimately bound up. To pray for the triumph of religion was, in time past, to pray for the success in political and civil matters of certain sovereigns, governments, parties, nations. So it was in the fourth century, when Julian attempted to revive and re-establish paganism. To pray for the Church then was to pray for the overthrow of Julian. And so, in England, Catholics in the sixteenth century would pray for Mary, and Protestants for Elizabeth. But those times are gone. Catholics do not now depend for the success of their religion on the patronage of sovereigns—at least, in England—and it would not help them much if they gained it. Indeed, it is a question if it succeeded here in England, even in that sixteenth century. Queen Mary did not do much for us ; in her short reign she permitted acts as if for the benefit of Catholics which were the cause and the excuse for terrible reprisals in the next reign, and have stamped on the minds of our countrymen a fear and hatred of us, viewed as Catholics, which at the end of three centuries is as fresh and keen as it ever was. Nor did James II. do us any good in the next century by the exercise of his regal power. The event has taught us not to look for the conversion of England to political movements and changes, and, in consequence, not to turn our prayers for it in that direction. At a time when priests were put to death, or forced out of the country

if they preached or said Mass, there was no other way open for conversion, but the allowance or sanction of the Government; it was as natural, therefore, then to look for political intervention, to pray for the success of dynasties, of certain heirs or claimants to thrones, of parties, of popular insurrections, of foreign influence on behalf of Catholics in England, as it would be preposterous and idle to do so now. I think the best favour which sovereigns, parliaments, municipalities, and other political powers can do us is to let us alone. Yet though we cannot, as sensible men—because times have changed—pray for the cause of the Catholic religion among us with the understanding and intention of those who went before us, still, besides what they teach us ethically as to perseverance amid disappointment, I think we may draw two lessons from their mode of viewing the great duty of which I am speaking—lessons which we ought to lay to heart, and from which we may gain direction for ourselves; and on those I will say a few words: and, first, they suggest to us that in praying for the conversion of England we ought to have, as they had, something in view which may be thrown into the shape of an object present or immediate. An abstract idea of conversion—a conversion which is to take place some day or other, without any conception of what it is to be, or how it is to come about—is to my mind very unsatisfactory. I know, of course, that we must ever leave events to the Supreme Disposer of all things. I do not forget the noble lines:

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.

But this great precept does not interfere with our duty of taking pains to understand what we pray for, what our prayer definitely means. And the question is, not what we shall get, but for what we shall ask. The views of our predecessors were clear enough. On the other hand, a want of distinctness is not only unjust to our object, but is very likely, very apt, to irritate those for whom we pray, as if we had some secret expedient and method against them; or else, as if we were giving expression to a feeling of superiority and compassion for them, and thus betrayed ourselves to the resources alone left to men who have been beaten in argument. Now certainly those who prayed for the accession of Mary Tudor or Mary Stuart to the Throne of England did not lay themselves open to this charge. They were definite enough in their petitions, and would have been quite satisfied with the ordinary acts of

Providence in their favour, such as are the staple of the world's history. And this is the point as to which I think they give us a second lesson for our own profit. I consider, then, that when we pray we do not ask for miracles, and that this limitation of our prayers is neither precisely to Divine mercy, nor to any want of faith. I do not forget the displeasure of the prophet Eliseus with the King of Israel, who smote the ground only three times with his arrow, instead of more times. "If thou had smitten five, six, or seven times," says the prophet, "thou hadst smitten Syria even to utter destruction, but now three times shalt thou smite." But in this case there is no question of miracles. Nor will it be to the purpose to refer to the parable of the importunate widow, and that has nothing to do with miracles either. What I would urge is this. The Creator acts by a fixed rule, which we call a system of laws, and ordinarily and on the whole He honours and blesses His own ordinance and acts through it, and we best know Him when we follow His ordinance in looking for His presence where He has lodged it. Moreover, what is very remarkable, even when it is His will to act miraculously, even when He outstrips His ordinary system, He is wont to honour it even while overstepping it. Sometimes, indeed, He directly contradicts His own laws, as in raising the dead ; but such rare acts have their own definite purpose, which makes them necessary for their own sake ; but for the most part His marvels are rather what may be called suggestions or carryings out to an extreme point of the laws of nature than naked contrarieties to them. And if we would see more of His wonder-working hand we must look for it as thus mixed up with His natural appointments. As Divine aid given to the soul acts through and with natural reason, natural affection, and conscience, so miraculous agency is in many, nay, in most cases a co-operation with the ordinary ways of physical nature. As an illustration, I may take the division of the waters of the Red Sea at the word of Moses. This was a miracle ; yet it was effected with the instrumentality of a natural cause acting according to its nature, but at the same time beyond it. "When Moses," says the sacred writer, "had stretched forth his hands over the sea, the Lord took it away by a strong and burning wind, blowing all the night, and turned it into dry ground." The coincidence that it happened at so critical a time, and in answer to prayers, and then the hot wind's abnormal and successful action—all this makes it a miracle ; but still it is a miracle co-operating with the laws of nature, and recognising while it surpasses them. If the

Almighty thus honours His own ordinances, we may well honour them too ; and, indeed, this is commonly recognised as a duty by Catholics in the case of mediæval wonders, not to look to miracles until natural means had failed. I do not say that they neglect this rule in regard to their prayers for conversion, but they have not it before their minds consistently and practically. For instance, prayers for the conversion of given individuals, however unlikely to succeed, are, in the case of their relations, friends, benefactors, and the like, obviously a sacred duty. St. Monica prayed for her son. She was bound to do so, and, had he remained in Africa, he might have merely exchanged one heresy for another. He was guided to Italy by natural means, and was converted by St. Ambrose. It was by hoping against hope, by perseverance in asking, that her wish was gained, that her reward was wrought out. However, I conceive the general rule of duty is to take likely objects of prayer, not unlikely objects, about whom we know little or nothing ; but I have known cases where good Catholics have said of a given Protestant—"We will have him," and that with a sort of impetuosity, and as if, so to say, defying Providence, cases have always reminded me of that doctrine of Hindu theology represented in Southey's poem, that prayer and sacrifices had a compulsory force on the Supreme Being, as if an implicit act of resignation were not necessary in order to make our intercession acceptable. If, then, I am asked what our predecessors in the Faith, were they on earth, would understand now by praying for the conversion of England, as two or three centuries ago they would have understood by it the success of those political parties and measures with which that conversion was bound up, I answer that they would contemplate an object present, immediate, concrete, and in the way of Providence ; and it would be, if worded with strict correctness, not the conversion of England to the Catholic Church, but the growth of the Catholic Church in England. They would expect again, by their prayers, nothing sudden, nothing violent, nothing evidently miraculous, nothing inconsistent with the free will of our countrymen, nothing out of keeping with the majestic march of slow but sure triumph of truth and right in this turbulent world. They would look for the gradual, steady, and sound advance of Catholicity by ordinary means and scenes, which are probably acts and proceedings which are good and holy. They would pray for the conversion of individuals, and for a great many of them, and out of all ranks and classes, and those especially who are, in faith and devotion, nearest to the Church, and seem, if

they do not themselves defeat it, to be the objects of God's election, for a removal from the public mind of all prejudices about us, for better understanding of what we hold and what we do not hold, for a feeling of goodwill and respectful bearing in the population towards our Bishops and priests, for a growing capacity in the educated classes of entering into a just appreciation of our characteristic opinions, sentiments, ways, and principles; and in order to effect all this, for a blessing upon our controversialists, that they may be gifted with an abundant measure of prudence, self-command, tact, knowledge of men and things, good sense, candour, and straightforwardness, that their reputation may be high, and their influence wide and deep, and as a special means, and most necessary for our success, for a larger increase in the Catholic body of brotherly love, mutual sympathy, unanimity, and high principle, rectitude of conduct, purity of life. I could not have selected a more important subject to bring before you; but in proportion to my sense of its importance, is my consciousness that it deserves a treatment far superior to that which I have given it. I have done as well as I could, though poor is the best.

*In reply to a vote of thanks moved by the Earl of Gainsborough,
and supported by Mr. Charles Langdale and Canon Mac-
mullen,*

HIS EMINENCE said he was sure they would not take the few words he might use as the measure of his feelings on such an occasion. Their words had given him great consolation, and he thanked them all from his heart. He did not stand to weigh how far all that had been said in his favour, and all the kind thoughts and feelings that had been expressed, were such as he could in his own conscience take entirely or not. They must all endeavour to do their duty, and try to do good to those around them, and God would reward them.

ON THE NEED OF DISCIPLINE.

*Preaching at St. Bernard's Seminary, Olton, June 21st, 1880,
the Cardinal said :*

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I wish I were quite the person to speak upon that subject to which I am drawn to say a few words. I say I wish I were the person, because I have not that experience of seminaries which alone could enable one to do so properly and perfectly. And yet I do wish to say a few words, and if they are in any respect not appropriate, I must be pardoned if I do my best ; and they will not be many words. I should like, if I could, to bring out what I conceive to be some of the moral advantages of a seminary such as this. But, of course, the obvious, and what seems the first, object of such seminaries is that those who go forth to fight the battles of God, and to be good soldiers of Jesus Christ, may be prepared to teach. The idea of teaching comes first in the idea of a minister of God, and without a knowledge of theology we cannot teach. And, therefore, theological teaching may be said to be the obviously first and *primâ facie* idea of a seminary. But still I conceive that the moral advantages are not less to be estimated, and that, too, for the sake of the objects which we all have in teaching and knowing theology, for the sake of impressing the Faith and discipline of the Holy Church upon our people. Of course, nothing can be said strong enough about the advantage of having it set forth by those who are properly prepared to do so. Now there are a great many advantages such as this, and though I daresay I shall not name those which are the most important, I would name some of those which strike me. And first, to take a large sense of the word, a seminary is a place of discipline. We all need discipline. We want discipline for this world even. And we know that this idea is felt so strongly in the world, even by those who are not Catholics, that the experience and discipline of schools are necessary for getting on in this world. We know what great advantage accrues to our own country by its particular scholastic system, and how foreign nations are looking to try, if they can, to transplant our own rules and principles and practices which so succeed in England. Now, of course, the bringing of a number of boys together is only in itself a misery and a deceit if it is nothing more than to prepare them for this world. We are all sons of Adam, and we

know that evil bursts forth of itself when any number of persons come together, and we call such a number of persons "the world." For that is the real idea of the world. There is a natural impulse and principle of our heart exemplified in the fact that persons are drawn together, and enabled to hold converse, so to say, with each other ; and, therefore, to form a rule, a moral rule ; not the right rule, but still an ethical rule holding a sort of principle for admiration. Those great schools that are merely secular have such great evils attending them that it is difficult to pronounce an opinion upon them. And all that I can say about them is, that, perhaps, things would not be better if the boys who went there remained at home. It has been so, I do not know what it is now. There is a great advantage, I say, in the mere fact of a number of young people coming together, putting aside the other aspect of the evil of it. Now, in a seminary there are great advantages which overcome that evil, and, therefore, we may look upon it only on its good side. It is truly good because it has great safeguards—the safeguards not only of the Catholic religion—but the safeguards of the personal piety of those young people who come and devote themselves to God, in the flower and springtide of their youth. They give up themselves and all they are to the glory of God and His service, and that will, of course, be seen and blessed by God from Whom it comes. I need not go through the other safeguards. Now I think the first advantage that strikes one is the collision of mind with mind. Let us be ever so well inclined, ever so good and holy, and acting ever so well, and with a view to please God, and with a rule of life such as we ought to have ; still there is a great deal to do in the way of disciplining our hearts, which we only gain by being brought together. Everyone likes his own way ; and, of course, it becomes an impossibility for everyone to have his own way when there are a great many to be consulted. And, therefore, the very collision of mind with mind is a great advantage. And though it brings a soul into a certain degree of temptation, yet it is a temptation which turns to good from its being wrestled with and overcome. And another advantage is that we all have our own tastes, our likes and dislikes ; and no number of minds can come together without having their likings and dislikings overcome. We have to look at things in a higher light. And then, again, I have not said anything yet about the necessity of obedience to superiors. There again is a great field of Christian virtue. And we know—to take an instance, of which I could

say much—of my own dear Father, St. Philip Neri—how it was that he tried exceedingly his people merely from principle, to prove if they were obedient, without reference to whether the things were great or little. And so there is one large field, which I think is a most obvious one to put before us as to the advantages of a seminary; and I do not think it can be exaggerated. And then, again, I think there is a great gain which can be gained only by belonging to a body. I do not mean theology strictly, but that settled fundamental basis of viewing things morally and religiously, which we get by habitual contact with others who are of the same profession with ourselves. Men of the world who know very little about religion—I mean Protestants—do not know what they do believe or what they do not; or if they do, they do not understand whether it is important or not. But with a Catholic not only everything is mapped out, but everything is a part of his mind almost. And that is a great gain which those have who by God's mercy are brought into the Church from the beginning. Their minds are framed in a particular way. The whole plan, both of faith and knowledge, becomes part of themselves, and on that I think a great deal might be said. Well, then, I come to a fourth point. There was a poor wanderer, one not in the Church, who when God was good to her said "Thou art He that seest me." This is the case of Agar. She ran away from her mistress, without a friend in the world; she was in despair; and when the angel of God appeared to her and said, "Whence comest thou? and whither goest thou?" she was so overcome with the thought that in her misery there was One who had His eye on her, that she called the name of the Lord that had spoken, "Thou the God Who hast seen me." Then she called the well there (a well being a most important mercy in that country, which we cannot estimate now), "The well of Him that liveth and seeth me." Now it is exceedingly important for all of us to live in the presence of God; and that, I think, is distinct from the moral advantages and safeguards of which I have been speaking. In the minds of people without religion the idea of God seeing them is quite a thing out of comprehension. They are haunted, possessed with the things that are—things that come before them, with their worldly aims, their worldly duties day by day, with no notion of living in the presence of an Unseen Being; and one would say that everything would go right with God's mercy if a man got that simple gift, that great grace. In the lessons for to-day, you

recollect how, when the medical men told St. Aloysius to think less of God, he said that the thought of God pursued him. There you find what it was in the case of a Saint. Well, it is what all holy people feel in a degree. This is pretty much what St. Paul urges upon us when he says, "Pray without ceasing"; and that, according to my idea, is one especial mercy and gift of a seminary—that you are living in the presence of God, and therefore must believe in the interest of Our Lord and Saviour for you. Without great fault, and miserable neglect of oneself, in spite of the great field of temptation into which any priest goes, there is around him an armour; and St. Paul speaks so much of the armour we are to put on. Well, that is what I say is one work of the seminary, to put on "the armour of God that you may be able to resist in the evil day, and to stand in all things perfect" (Ephes. vi. 13); and if I were to turn the whole object of the seminary into that channel it would be quite sufficient, for it includes in it faith, hope, and charity, according to our measure. I must not be long, but there are one or two things I would just mention. As to theology itself—I think it is a great indirect advantage in this way: I do not mean theology merely as such; but principally because it is our duty, our profession in a certain sense, our occupation in the service of God. When a priest goes into the world, he is usually taken up with so much work that he has no time for anything else. And that is a reason why he should now be taking advantage of those years which he has in the seminary, where the time may be spent profitably, theology thoroughly soaking the mind, so that it is a resource to turn to. Well, I say, he must have a certain degree of theology. He may have no time afterwards; but still from not being strong, or so on, priests may be thrown upon circumstances when they have time upon their hands. Now there is nothing more dangerous than leisure. We have very crafty and subtle enemies; we have enemies within us and enemies without us; St. Paul says that a spirit of evil surrounds us; we have the world, the flesh, and the devil; and it is a great thing if we have acquired the love of theology, so that we may take it up and be interested in it, when we do not know exactly what to do. It requires, of course, more experience than I can have, to speak worthily of such a subject, for it is a great one. That leads me to notice a kind of objection (and it is the last remark I shall make) that it all leads only to a very narrow sort of education, that it is much better with the Churches around us that are not Catholic churches, to have a knowledge

of the world ; that it is a good thing for those who are going into a religious life—into a ministerial life—to have mixed with the world—that it is good for religion, that it has a certain influence on the laity, and so on. The present day seems to think that those who have a professional education are narrow; they are not fit to cope with others in religious controversy ; they do not know anything of the people they have to address. And that is all true. I am not denying that ; but still I would say one thing on that point. Of course, I do not see why theology should not so far open the mind as to lead afterwards, at fitting opportunities, to a priest's getting that knowledge of controversy, and so on, which he had not at the seminary. We cannot do everything at once. We begin with the most important, and go on with others. And therefore, in the proper time, and in the proper place, the study of controversy and kindred subjects, and of secular knowledge, becomes very opportune. But still one must remember that there is an innate power, blessed by Almighty God, in a straightforward, well-educated priest, though he knows nothing of the world, or is likely to make mistakes in it. And I think really that many persons are converted by the simplicity of a Catholic, and especially of a Catholic priest, and his straightforwardly going about his duty, and honestly speaking out what the Church teaches, better than if he were ever so good a controversialist. I am not denying, of course, the great advantage of a knowledge about people, and of a knowledge of their arguments, and the harm that is done by imprudently ventilating a subject when one is not perfectly informed upon it. And bad arguments do a great harm ; but a holy life is only a source of good to all who come near it : " Let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father Who is in Heaven." May we all enter more into the great responsibility which is put upon us all. How much we can do for God, and how much He will enable us to do, if we put our simple trust in Him.

ON MR. OULESS'S PORTRAIT OF HIM.

On Sunday, June 19th, 1881, the portrait of Cardinal Newman by Mr. W. W. Oules, R.A., which had attracted much interest at the previous yearly Exhibition of the Royal Academy, was presented to His Eminence at Edgbaston. The picture had been subscribed for by members of the congregation, and the presentation was made by Mr. Wilson, who read an address on behalf of the committee appointed for the purpose.

THE CARDINAL replied: My dear Children,—I wish I could return an answer worthy of your acceptable present and of the affectionate words with which you have accompanied it. It is indeed most acceptable to me, and a very thoughtful kindness that you should have proposed to provide a memorial of me for time to come, and a memorial so specially personal, which years hence will bring back vividly the remembrance of the past to those who have known me, and will carry on into the future a tradition of what I was like, to the many who never saw me. It is a second kindness that you wish to leave it as an heirloom to this house, for by doing so you associate my brothers, the Fathers of this Oratory, in your loving thoughts of me, and thereby recognise what is so true, so ever-present to my mind, that you never would have had cause to show affection towards me but for the zealous co-operation of dear friends, living and dead, for the acts and works of whom I get the credit. It is a third kindness that in carrying out your purpose you have had recourse to a man of widely-acknowledged genius, whose work, now finished, is generally pronounced to be worthy of his reputation, and is found by competent judges to claim more and more admiration as a work of art the more carefully it is studied. Nor must I omit a fourth gratification which your address suggests to me. When friends and well-wishers in years past have paid me the like compliment, I have asked myself what I had done to merit it; but now the Sovereign Pontiff has singled me out for his highest mark of favour; and thus while you in 1878 may be considered to have only been anticipating by the honour you proposed to me the coming to me of his act of grace, so now in 1881 I can for the same reason receive it of you without the appearance or the fear of arrogance or presumption. You ask for my blessing, and I bless you with all my heart, as I desire to be blessed myself. Each one of us has his own individuality, his separate history, his antecedents and his

future, his duties, his responsibilities, his solemn trial, and his eternity. May God's grace, His love, His peace, rest on all of you, united as you are in the Oratory of St. Philip, on old and young, on confessors and penitents, on teachers and taught, on living and dead. Apart from that grace, that love, that peace, nothing is stable. All things have an end, but the earth will last its time, and while the earth lasts Holy Church will last ; and while Holy Church lasts may the Oratory of Birmingham last also, amid the fortunes of many generations, one and the same, faithful to St. Philip, strong in the protection of Our Lady and all Saints, not losing as time goes on its sympathy with its first fathers, whatever may be the burden and interests of its own day, as we in turn now stretch forth our hands with love and with awe towards those our unborn successors whom on earth we shall never know.

AT THE LONDON ORATORY.

On the last Sunday in June, 1881, Cardinal Newman, who was accompanied from Birmingham by Father Bellasis, preached at the London Oratory, after reading from a Pastoral from the Cardinal Archbishop on Catholic education.

THE CARDINAL testified to the great work done by the Cardinal Archbishop for Christian education, and said that an objection commonly made was that, man being a double being, composed of body and soul, and having relations with this world and with the next—why, then, should he not be trained in those things which concern this world by men of this world, and in those which concern the next world by men of the next world? In answer to this objection, he answered that, in fact, it is impossible to separate body and soul, and that the whole tone and drift of the teaching of the Apostles and of our Blessed Lord Himself is, that even the things of this world are to be ordered in reference to God and to the next world ; and he quoted the injunction of St. Paul : “Whether you eat or drink, or whatsoever else you do, do all to the glory of God ;” and “All whatsoever you do in word or in work, all things do ye in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him ;” and also the command of Our Lord Himself : “Seek ye, therefore, first, the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you.”

A characteristic of this little discourse was the Cardinal's habit of looking out the texts of Holy Scripture which he quoted, and reading them from the Bible.

FOR THE LAST TIME.

In reply to an address presented to Cardinal Newman by the Catholic Truth Society, on the occasion of a Conference at Birmingham in July, 1890, His Eminence said :

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I wish, both in thought and language, as far as I can, to thank you, as I do very heartily. I thank you for your affection—it is the affection of great souls. You are not common people. I could say a great deal, but I will only pray that God may sustain and put His confirmation upon what you do. I give you every good wish. Your Society is one which makes us feel the sadness of the days through which we have passed, when the Church of Christ wanted those assistances of publication which Protestants possessed in such abundance. I envied both the matter and the intention of those publications. It is a cruel thing that our Faith has been debarred from the possibility of lively action, but it was no fault of Catholics. They have been so pressed and distracted from the formation of any policy, that the Church has had to depend on only a few heads and the management of a few. This has been the cause of the absence of interest and popularity in publications among Catholics. But now there is no reason why we should not have the power which has before this been in the hands of Protestants, whose zeal, however, I have always admired. But the reward is at hand for us, and we must thank God for giving to us such a hope. I may say of myself that I have had much sorrow that the hopes and the prospects of the Church have shown so little sign of brightening. There has been—there is now—a great opposition against the Church ; but this time, and this day, are the beginnings of a revolution. I have had despondency ; but the hour has come when we may make good use, and practical use, of the privileges which God has given us. We must thank God and ask for His best blessing and mercy. May He sustain you. God is not wanting if we are ready to work. I beg you to pardon and to forget the weakness of my words. I am content to pray for you and for your works. God bless you.

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